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27—

EPISTLES, SATIRES

AND

EPIGRAMS

BY

JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS

*Inveniat quod quisque velit, non omnibus unum est
Quod placet, hic spinas colligit, ille rosas.*

PET. ARB.

LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen

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TO GEORGE WARING.

*Why is it that the meed of changeless fame
Is grudged the present, granted to the past?
Why is it that the praise will seldom last
With which its flatterers deck a living name?
Must all success be bounded by its aim?
Shall unsought glory brighten and grow vast?
Does future time its warmest radiance cast
On what its own day left to scorn or blame,
As the true crop thrives by the winter's blast?
Then shall the man who labours for his age,
Who heeds no purpose but divinest truth,
And bends not to the passion of the hour,
Though wrath and envy wreak their fellest rage,
Be gifted with the boon of deathless youth,
And as he grows in honour, grow in power.*

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H O R A C E.

Epistles: I. xx.

[In the last epistle of his first book, Horace addresses his poems as though they were eager for publication.]

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

TRICKED out by dainty paper, clad in blue,
Marked with some quaint device and lettered too,
Like a weak bird, in gaudy plumage dressed,
You strive, poor book, to flutter from your nest,
And win attention from the noisy throng.
Will they believe your twitter is a song?
Bentley, forsooth, must tell your little all¹,
And Smith² must vend you at the station-stall;

¹ Vertumnum Janumque, liber, spectare videris

Scilicet ut praestes Sosiorum pumice mundus.

The places referred to by Horace were the Row of Rome, the Sosii were leading publishers.

² Mr. W. H. Smith is the contractor for most of the railway book-stalls.

His boys must seek to catch the languid eye,
 Clip off your H³ and bid the traveller buy;
 Or Mudie deign to circulate your page—
 Mudie, the one Mecaenas of the age.
 What, are you weary of the kindly key⁴
 Which kept you from the risks which I foresee?
 The drawer which should, if you were wisely coy,
 Remain your only home, your modest joy?
 You murmur that you only know a few⁵,
 And long to mingle with the general crew.
 'Twas not for this I trained your stumbling feet⁶,
 That you should flirt with every one you meet.
 Well, if you must, depart, my counsel spurn,
 But know, once gone, you never can return.
 'Unhappy me⁷!' you'll cry, when all too late;
 'What did I do, to rush upon my fate?
 'What did I dream of, wish, devise, intend,
 'To seek a foe and quit a faithful friend?
 'He warned me, and I find his warning true
 'When flouted by this slashing, smart review,
 'Whose savants use their instincts, spare their eyes,
 'And rarely read the books they criticise.

³ These imitations were originally published under the name of 'Horace without his Toga.'

⁴ Odisti claves, et grata sigilla pudico.

⁵ Paucis ostendi gemis, et communia laudas.

⁶ Non ita nutritus, etc.

⁷ Quid miser egi? etc.

'Whose constant rule is, "'Tis a sneer that pays:
'"There's nothing so unsaleable as praise."'
But if they spare you, or you heed them not,
And chance to hit upon a happier lot;
If there be some who love you in your prime,
They will be cloyed and surfeited in time:
Love may be roused, I grant it, by a look;
But very few are constant to a book;
And when that doom is yours you will confess
Neglect exceeds all scorn in bitterness.
And yet, unless my wrath at your offence⁸
Deprives my judgment of its finer sense,
You will be liked awhile in Town, as long
As youth and freshness keep you bright and strong;
But when you sink into a commonplace,
Become a public, a familiar face;
Or, when neglected, laid upon the shelf,
You seek to drown the knowledge of yourself,
Ere you are left to gathering dust a prey,
Or feel the slow corrosion of decay,
Fly while you can, and seek another clime,
Another market and a happier time.
Perhaps some Yankee publisher may give⁹
A shoddy dress in which to ply and live;

⁸ Quod si non odio peccantis desipit augur,
Carus eris Romae, donec te deserat aetas.

⁹ Aut fugies Uticam, aut vinctus mitteris Ilerdam.

Perhaps the charms which pall in English eyes
Australia's squatters may admit and prize.
The world is wide, then wander where you can;
They're learning English, settle in Japan.
Like Ida Pfeiffer¹⁰, roam the ocean o'er;
Lean, ragged, dirty, visit shore on shore.
I warned you, and you heard not¹¹. I disdain
To take such truants to my home again;
I loved you as a father, but can bear
To laugh at that which once was all my care.
I often told you when you were a child,
When you were docile and yet unbeguiled,
How, down the precipice he would not pass,
The angry master drove his stubborn ass;
So though I strove to guide you, shall I still
Strive till I'm weary, and against your will?
This, let me also tell you, is your end¹²:
When tattered, dirty, torn, you find no friend;
When the smart covers which were once your pride,
Have left you shelterless on either side;

¹⁰ Madame Pfeiffer was a great traveller, and was said, like the late Dr. Woolf, to have owed her life or safety to that total neglect of personal adornment which necessity or policy led her to practise.

¹¹ Ridebit monitor non exauditus; ut ille
Qui male parentem in rupes protrusit asellum
Iratus: quis enim invitum servare labore?

¹² Illoc quoque te manet, etc.

When the poor fragments of each tattered page
Are like the broken talk of doting age,
Your fate may be to serve, as fortune leads,
The basest uses and the meanest needs.
Enough have I predicted, and the worst :
You may be armed if you are cautioned first.
The shrewdest prophets share the common lot¹³ :
What they foretell will either be, or not.
But while your looks are fresh, your life is gay,
And you can gossip through the summer day,
While men are not yet weary of your tongue,
And while your prattle's borne because it's young ;
If those who learn your parentage inquire
What were the place and fortunes of your sire,
Say that those fortunes were not over ripe
When he was started on the race of life.
The fourteenth issue of a younger son
Can fairly boast that what he has he's won :
That from a village, which could hardly name
A single change since Cerdic thither came,
Pure Saxon in its labours and its rest,
He ventured early, left the peaceful nest.
If he has gained but little for his purse
His conscience, happily, is none the worse ;

¹³ O Laertiade, quicquid dico, aut erit aut non.

A general and necessary qualification to the pretensions of a prophet.

He never flouted peasant, fawned on peer,
He neither stooped to flattery nor to fear,
Knew in familiar fashion, face to face,
The wisest and the best of England's race;
Still walks erect, although his head is gray,
And feels his youth not wholly slipped away;
Can live alone, if books are in his reach,
But loves to live with men, and hear their speech;
Knows that contentment only makes men blest,
And honestly avows what is, is best;
Sees others struggle for the foremost place,
But thinks it not worth while to join the race;
Gladly accepts goodwill, but won't and can't
Seek to win aught but what men freely grant:
Reserves his wrath for meanness and for spite,
Nor cares to strive, nor ever fears to fight;
Jests at the follies and the faults he notes,
Hates without malice, loves, but never dotes.
And now, if any cares his age to ask ¹⁴,
Thus far at least he lets you raise the mask:
He dates his birth from that great epoch when
George cherished tailors and ruled over men.

¹⁴ Forte meum si quis te percontabitur aevum, etc.

H O R A C E.

Epistles: I. vi.

[In the epistle of which the following is an imitation, Horace writes to his friend Numicius and informs him as to what the true philosophy of life suggests or teaches.]

To G. W., Esq.

NOT to be over-earnest, but to bear¹
Whate'er betides one with an easy air,
Is the one rule by which a wise man lives,
Which gives content, and aids the gift it gives.
Should Cumming future destiny unfold²
And sell his prophecies for current gold,
Should Shaftesbury seek to raise a pious fear³,
(Some man of science hoaxed the unctuous peer,)

¹ Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque, quae possit facere et servare beatum.

² The Rev. Dr. Cumming has been engaged for many years in the interpretation of prophecy. His books are said to be popular.

³ Some time ago, Lord Shaftesbury expressed his alarm at what he believed were signs of extensive volcanic agency, and of impending eruptions.

By telling us that just below the soil
Volcanoes strive to burst and geysers boil;
Though timorous souls may feel themselves afraid,
Some men exist who never are dismayed.
Who do not care one jot for Grosvenor's rents,
For all that's Overstone's in Three per Cents;
And were it offered even, would refuse
The fortunes won by money-lending Jews⁴.

No man, unless he's knave or fool, would stoop
To dupe, or willingly to be a dupe.
Can we not guess the measure of his ears
Whom agents cheat—the venal voter cheers⁵?
Trust me, my friend, a man with sense and eyes
Can well afford such trifles to despise,
While he who fears to lose them is the same
As one who makes them his absorbing aim.
Each is a prey to fear, each lives in pain,
Lest sudden change may rob him of his gain;
He joys, he grieves, he's filled with hope or dread.
What can it matter, if it racks his head,
If at whatever happens, good or ill,
He stands amazed, and cannot use his will?
If mind and body, staked upon the strife,
Are wrecked in seeking for the gains of life?

⁴ Quid maris extremos Arabas ditantis et Indos?

⁵ Amici dona Quiritis.

That man's a fool, however wise he seems,
 And this does wrong, however just his dreams,
 Who, when for virtue's self they've fairly sought⁶,
 Carry their virtue farther than they ought.

Well prosecute your aims, get tons of plate⁷
 Old pictures, china, at the dearest rate,
 Buy violins and paintings by the score,
 As Gillott did⁸; if possible, get more,
 Pick up the knickknacks and bijouterie
 Which Cole collects and Kensington may see;
 Boast, if you like, that when you talk and teach
 Reporters hurry to take down your speech;
 Pore in your chambers over many a brief;
 Plead for the swindler, and defend the thief,
 Or from the records of Penzance's court⁹
 Win your own luck, and find the public sport;
 Begin your labours with the morning light
 And wearied home return at dead of night;

⁶ *Insani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui
 Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam.*

⁷ *I nunc, argentum et marmor, etc.*

⁸ Mr. Gillott, the steel pen manufacturer of Birmingham, was a great collector of violins and other articles.

⁹ The Divorce Court over which Lord Penzance did or does preside is one which nothing but the necessity of open justice should allow to be matter of public audience.

Grudge the fat acres of the lucky sot¹⁰
Whose wife has given him what his brains could not,
Who, snob and fool confest, through fortune's whim,
Is envied more by you than you by him.
For change and time, experience still has found,
Are one at least in sense, if not in sound.
Thus Fortune, when she lets her work be seen
Puts down the noble and puts up the mean,
Chooses her puppets, and, no matter which,
Can make a Clinton poor, a Padwick rich.

Should everybody know you in St. James,
Should Rotten Row allow your proudest claims,
Should Charing Cross salute you as you walk,
Should you become the town's incessant talk,
At last, you must perforce, do what you can,
Go the same road which once went good Queen Anne¹¹.
Your head grows dizzy, in your feet's the gout.
What's to be done? Go, find a doctor out.
Would you live honestly? As most pretend,
Think you that virtue is a proper end?
The man who seeks to make a thing his own
Must set his heart on that, and that alone.

¹⁰ Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris, etc.

¹¹ Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.

'Virtue's a name,' you say, 'while money sticks¹²,
 A church is only timber, stones, and bricks.
 You long for wealth; of course you'll advertise,
 And learn to deftly mix up truth with lies.
 Strain every inch of canvas on the seas,
 Hurry to London Docks the earliest teas.
 Traffic in tallow, wool, guano, leather,
 Bring Russian and Australian goods together.
 If you build ships, secure yourself a seat,
 And you may get an order for a fleet.
 Compete for contracts, fee the clerks all round;
 Spend but a penny, and you'll make a pound.
 Smith—decent man—one rarely fit for trade¹³,
 By one good stroke of wit a fortune made.
 Far more astute than any of his tribe,
 He bought the budget for a heavy bribe;
 Armed with the facts, to Mincing Lane he went,
 Purchased *ad lib.* and won his *cent. per cent.*
 The world condones the trick by which he gained:
 Knowledge is power—however 'tis obtained.
 You've gained a million, for another try¹⁴;
 With proper pains a third comes by-and-by.

¹² Virtutem verba putas et
 Lucum ligna.

¹³ The story referred to here is said to be a fact. The name in the verse is of course fictitious.

¹⁴ Mille talenta rotundentur, etc.

A prudent man still lets his money roll,
And lo! a fourth appears to square the whole.
Money's a gracious queen to men of thrift¹⁵;
She heaps upon her courtier every gift;
Finds him an heiress, if he needs a wife;
Gives credit, friends, the dearest friends in life;
Grants pedigree and arms, and beauty too.
What? a rich man—there's nothing he can't do.
He drops his h's, talks the sorriest stuff;
But people follow him, and that's enough.
Let him appear as ugly as you will,
No man of fortune needs a Rachel's skill¹⁶,
Though if he cares to do so he can buy
A portrait of himself—a painted lie.
A rich Thersites—what's the need to blush—
Grows an Adonis under Richmond's brush¹⁷.

Nay more, since most men think that heaven is worth
About as much as what they loved on earth,
No marvel that they measure that by this
And make investments in the hope of bliss.

¹⁵ Et genus et formam regina Pecunia donat, etc.

¹⁶ Madame Rachel was a notorious improver of complexions, etc. She got into trouble at last.

¹⁷ Mr. Richmond is an artist who has the faculty of imparting much youthful beauty to his portraits.

An ancient Begum, when her death drew near¹⁸,
(She had good reason, I admit, for fear,)
Hit on a plan by which she shrewdly thought
Her soul might really win the rest she sought ;
Summoned her lawyer, made him read her will,
And bade him add another codicil :
' On my decease, let there be no delay,
' I order my executors to pay
' A thousand pounds (it must be duty free)
' To each of these by way of legacy :
' The Pope ; the Patriarch ; and the chiefest Jew ;
' The Sheyk ul Islam ; the Grand Lama too ;
' All England's primate ;—mind what I have said ;
' Pay them the cash as soon as I am dead.
' They promise fairly, each with all his might ;
' 'Tis true they differ, but may all be right ;
' At any rate they cannot be so nice
' As not to grant a prayer at such a price.
' And then perhaps I may be with the blest.
' There—let me sign it. Now I feel at rest.
' Is it witnessed?' 'Yes.' 'Well, then I'm satisfied.'
And with a heavenly smile the Begum died.

'Tis ready money only makes men great.
Upon some Russian noble's huge estate

¹⁸ This is a fact.

A hundred thousand serfs may fear the lash¹⁹
And yet their master may be short of cash.

In France, while Eugénie still held her sway²⁰,
Some folks of fashion chose to act a play.
One stage direction ran, 'A hundred girls,
'Dressed in white satin, trimmed with lace and pearls,
'Here enter on the stage at once, and then'—
'Impossible! we scarce can furbish ten!
'Let's ask the Empress.' So the thing was done.
'A hundred?' said she, 'why, I mayn't have one!
'But I'll be sure to bear your wish in mind,
'And promise that I'll send you all I find.'
Then comes: 'The Empress hears that she has got
'Five thousand; take a part or take the lot.'
That's a poor place, where everything is known,
Whose master's able to count up his own,
Whose servants mayn't be undiscovered thieves—
A fact that Bonaparte now believes.

So then, if fortune only makes you blest,
Follow that only, and neglect the rest;
Begin it early and continue late.
If popularity will make you great,

¹⁹ Mancipiis locuples eget aeris Cappadocum rex.
This was written before the final emancipation of the serfs.

²⁰ Chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt, etc.
The reference is to the singular extravagance of the Imperial government.

An agent's services you must not grudge²¹.
He'll tell important names, and with a nudge
Bid you to cross the road your friend to greet,
Nay, dash between the waggons in the Street.
'That man is absolute in Cogers' Hall;
'Trades unions follow upon this man's call;
'A thousand licensed victuallers this man leads;
'With Nonconformist votes a fourth succeeds.
'They give the seat, I say, to whom they please,
'Or take it from you, with the greatest ease.
'Be very civil, with—Dear Sir—My friend—
'If they advise, keen interest pretend.
'Admire the children, grasp the voter's hands
'Profess yourself the slave to his commands²².'

If 'to live well' with you is how to dine,
Learn where the cookery's best and where the wine.
Buy fish in Billingsgate, and as for game
Hear what the Cockney did, and do the same.
Rigged as a sportsman, with his brace of dogs
At early dawn along the road he jogs;
Two servants sit behind him on his drag:
This carries guns, that a capacious bag:
He drives apace; the villagers admire
And touch their hats with reverence to the Squire.

²¹ Mercemur servum, qui dictet nomina, etc.

²² Modern experience has proved this.

At evening he returns; his neighbours see
His game-bag stuffed as full as it can be,
Envy his sport, admire his spattered clothes.
Who shot the game, the poulterer only knows.

Look to your health. That man's a greater fool
Than the worst blockhead ever birched at school
Who, though he knows his proper diet, still
Cannot abstain from that which makes him ill.
If life's best pleasures lie in love and wit,
Listen to Moore's advice, and follow it.
And now farewell. I've told you all I can²³;
Inform me plainly of a better plan
(If you have found it) how a man may live;
If not, accept the counsels which I give.

²³ Vive, vale. Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

H O R A C E.

Epistles : I. v.

[In a letter addressed to his friend Torquatus, Horace invites him to pay a visit to the poet's country home, and describes the entertainment and company he will meet there.]

To J. S., Esq., M.P.

IF you can quit the fuss and noise of town,
Accept my welcome, leave it, and come down;
Hurried and hustled by that ceaseless swarm,
Learn that my quiet has its special charm :
Perhaps you'll find, like me, how keen's the zest,
How fresh the flavour is, of perfect rest.
All human creatures like it ; surfeit can
Affect the heavy-bodied alderman ;
Such folks as these, I hear, have sometimes ceased
To hanker after their perennial feast,
Would change Clicquot for English malt and hops,
And barter turtle soup for mutton chops.

I don't disparage well-cooked food; the wise
Know what and when to relish, what despise.
Buckland, whose wit and wisdom were at one,
The cheery father of a cheerier son,
Put the case thus: 'That man's a Sybarite
'Who can't eat bread and cheese with appetite;
'But he who scorns a dinner that's well drest
'Is but a squalid savage at the best¹.'

If you can sit, then, at my homely board²,
And eat and drink what I can well afford,
Dispense awhile with Francatelli's art,
Dine on good mutton and on apple tart;
If, for the nonce, such simple food will please—
Here, let me say, I always choose my cheese,
Roquefort, or Gruyère, Stilton, Parmesan,
I strive to get the very best I can;
Your London dinners seldom give you such
As man should see, or smell, or taste, or touch³;—
If, I repeat, you eat what's good and plain,
Come here next Friday, 4 P.M.'s the train.
I've told you what you'll eat, and how you'll dine;
I take some pride in keeping wholesome wine—

¹ This is a story told of the late Dean of Westminster. His son is well known as a cheerful and lively writer on Natural History.

² Si potes Archiacis conviva recumbere lectis, etc.

³ The reproach is well founded, and the fact is an indication of the pertinacity with which certain barbarisms endure.

Fair port and sherry, and some sound Lafitte,
 Its age the year of Gladstone's Oxford seat⁴;
 If such contents you, then the thing is done,
 If not, you'll imitate Dean Waddington⁵.
 This Churchman took his wine with so much zest
 That he would act the host, although the guest.
 'I'll come,' he used to write, 'if you'll take in
 'A dozen bottles from my oldest bin.
 'Custom is nature with me. Yours is good,
 'I doubt it not; I'd drink it if I could.
 'Excuse an old man's harmless prejudice,
 'I cannot sleep unless I sleep on this.'
 The man was modest also in his way.
 'I'm Dean of Durham,' he would often say,
 'A lucky soldier in the Church's ranks.
 'I never pray, I only offer thanks.'

If you don't suffer from so nice a *goût*
 Put up with what my means can offer you.
 A cheerful fire is burning in the grate,
 The maids have rubbed the chairs and cleaned the
 plate⁶.
 Quit the dull game of party for a space⁷,
 Its watchwords, claptrap, chatter, and grimace.

⁴ Vina bibes iterum Tauro diffusa, etc.

⁵ Si melius quid habes, arcesse vel imperium fer.

⁶ Jamdudum splendet focus, et tibi munda supellex.

⁷ Mitte leves spes, et certamina, etc.

Let Disraeli ventilate his shams,
And gull his dupes by hollow epigrams,
Gibe at all candour, act his studied part,
And mock his friends and foes with equal art ;
Let Gladstone sentence upon sentence string,
Pile words on words, on periods periods fling,
And, highest skill which human power can reach,
Convey no meaning in a three-hours' speech ;
Let Pakington imply that he could fill
Each public office with consummate skill ;
Let Fortescue expound how this is done
By occupying place on place with none ;
Let Cardwell, like the girl in fairy lore,
Shed out a stream of sawdust on the floor ;
Let colonels make a guess at what he states,
And loudly scream for larger estimates ;
Let Lowe each human creature's anger stir,
From match girls to Professor Sylvester ;
Let Hunt display, in his conspicuous case⁸,
How little brains are needed for the place ;
Let Forster vaunt, and find that what he says
Wins praise from priests, and wins no other praise ;
Let Bruce's blunders this one art disclose,

⁸ Mr. Ward Hunt—since this was written, First Lord of the Admiralty—has fairly proved his incapacity for office. Much of the above, written in 1872, was prophetic of February 1874.

How to turn trusty friends to angry foes ;
Let Harcourt plead, with overwhelming zeal,
For what he strives to think, but cannot feel ;
Let Ayrton rule the parks, and still dispense
With tact and taste and even common sense,
Till Glyn detects that Gladstone's stanchest hack
Has all the will to welcome Manners back ;
Let wise Grant-Duff, in accents sharp and clear,
Cry, 'All ye statesmen, all ye nations, hear !'
Let Cochrane find where mares have made their nest ;
Let Bentinck prophesy, and Osborne jest ;
Let Hardy help the clergy at their need,
And Collins back the Athanasian Creed ;
Let Newdegate inveigh against the Pope,
Let Miall wrangle with the sprightly Hope ;
Let Coleridge utter honeyed words, while he
Drops sharper venom than the angriest bee ;
Let Fawcett scorn and Smith defend the Peers,
And Charley use his natural noise and ears⁹—
But why recall the horrors you endure,
Except it be to make your coming sure ?

Although the month is our uncertain May,
Sometimes the season grants a balmy day.

⁹ Mr. Charley is one of the members for Salford. His absurdities are not perhaps as well known as they deserve.

I well remember once, when Bright came down¹⁰
 (He used to visit me, and liked the town),
 How with calm pleasure he surveyed the scene,
 The crumbling stones, the groves of freshest green,
 The ancient walls with ivy overhung,
 (Man's work grows old, but Nature's ever young).
 Well, on to Christ Church Quod our wanderings tend,
 I meet a canon, introduce my friend.
 Then said our Churchman, 'I'll go get the key;
 'Perhaps you'd like to view the library.'
 We enter; find it musty, quiet, cool,
 Hung round with pictures of each foreign school,
 While, through an open door, upon the grass,
 We see a troop of laughing children pass.
 The trees were crowded with the flowers of spring,
 Bright watched the group, and heard the thrushes sing;
 Then turned and said: 'Till now I never knew
 'Why 'twas Reform had no delights for you.'

'Tis the Queen's birthday; show your loyalty¹¹
 By quitting work and coming down to me.
 Let Dilke declaim, let Odger prove his scorn;
 The easiest shoe is always longest worn.

¹⁰ The story told above happened some years ago. The Canon was the present Bishop of Chester. The garden into which the library windows looked was the Dean's, and the children were his.

¹¹ Cras nato Caesare festus

Dat veniam somnumque dies.

Virgil, my friend, has made the matter plain¹² :
‘Tug at the golden bough, and tug in vain ;
‘As long as life is in it, it will be,
‘As in a vice, held by the parent tree ;
‘But if the trunk from which it sprang and grew
‘Withholds the sap to which its life is due,
‘Rent by a tap, a touch, a breath, a sign,
‘It drops with ease and goes to—Proserpine.’
Some change, no doubt, is good ; this granted, then
Your change should be a day with idle men.
Idle—for each conceives his neighbour’s lot
An easy one to bear, and his own not.
At times I find it a supreme delight
To chat and gossip through a summer night.
What is the sense in which that caitiff lives
Who dares not use the joys which Nature gives?
How oft the care a stingy father takes
Affords his sons the means of turning rakes !
The miser, after all his thrift, may find
Sam Warren sitting—heavens!—upon his mind¹³.
We’ll dine and talk and sip our claret, man ;
Hang the Alliance and its water-can !

¹² The reference is to Virgil’s *Aeneid*, Book vi. 136.

¹³ Mr. Samuel Warren, once known as a novelist, was or is a Commissioner in Lunacy. His management of the Wyndham case will be remembered.

Lawson's the best of creatures; must I think
He's always wise in what he likes to drink?
A cheerful glass will make the timid stout¹⁴,
Will make the bashful man speak boldly out,
Give form to hope, lift up the weight of care,
And let the blockhead gain an easy air.
Wine makes the stammering tongue grow eloquent,
And grants to straitened poverty content—
Some kinds of wine at least, I fancy, may.
I well remember Cobden used to say
That when our ancestors sipped claret, hock,
Champagne, and Burgundy, *et genus hoc*,
They sang the praises of the wine they drank,
But when they took to port their spirits sank;
Port made men Tories, muzzy, stupid, slow,
With neither heads to think nor feet to go.

Thus Inglis, erst the Church's faithful son,
Stanch as a pointer, and as dull as one,
Dined early upon Sundays, always sent
His servants out to church (I hope they went),
Opened a magnum with the greatest care,
Opened a volume at the Evening Prayer,

¹⁴ Horace goes further than I do.

Quid non ebrietas designat, etc.

Read it all through, no doubt in reverent sort,
And always finished off his 'twenty' port.

Well, then, you come. The guests that you may find
Will be, I hope, congenial to your mind;
Talk as you like to us, what we might tell
All special correspondents know as well.
The papers always buy what's fresh and new—
Buy lies, perhaps, but try to buy what's true;
Clerks sell the office at the tariff rate¹⁵,
And what they cannot sell of that they prate.

Your company at dinner with a few,
Some three besides ourselves, or only two.
First W——, full of learning and *esprit*,
A subtle wit, a living library,
Whose memory can a myriad facts disclose,
Whose head can reason upon what it knows;
And N——, the man of endless arguments,
Who lards his talk with pieces of good sense,
Who feigns the cynic, but is ever kind,
Who has a heart, although he has a mind;
And C——, of genial speech and ready ear,
Who always says what's worth one's while to hear,

¹⁵ It appears, or at least it is said, that the newspapers get information of an important kind from the government clerks.

Will come, unless a host of ladies claims
His courteous leisure for their pretty aims.
'Tis best to have no more, I think, but still ¹⁶
We'll make a lion of you if you will.
I hate a crowd; my reason soon is told:
It makes the table hot, the dinner cold.
Advise me then, quit business while you can ¹⁷,
And shirk your deputations like a man.

¹⁶ Locus est et pluribus umbris
Sed nimis arcta premunt.

¹⁷ Et rebus omissis
Atria servantem postico falle clientem.

H O R A C E.

Epistles: I. x.

[In a poetical letter to his friend Fuscus, Horace compares the merits of a country with that of a town life, to the advantage of the former.]

TO H. R., ESQ.

YOU fancy life in London, but my taste
Abhors its mud, its smoke, its noise, its haste;
In this we differ; otherwise we should
Find in ourselves a perfect brotherhood.
Like twins in face, in height, in figure, just
The same things please us, and the same disgust.
For much as two old pigeons bow and coo¹,
Whate'er you think I think and utter too.
Yet while you keep your nest beneath the caves,
I love the streams, the lanes, the grass, the leaves;

¹ Annuimus pariter vetuli notique columbi.
Tu nidum servas, etc.

I haunt the gardens, on the turf recline;
'Tis the vacation, and the place is mine.
A host of songsters fills our summer air;
With you, a sparrow chirping in the square
Is the best specimen that London gives
Of that fair scene where Nature freely lives.
Learn, though your nose is used to London smells,
We grow the flowers which Covent Garden sells.
Which of us, tell me plainly, better thrives?
I canter gaily through the Wytham drives²,
Look from some height athwart the boundless plain,
Scent the sweet bean and view the growing grain,
While you are labouring through the crowded street;
Who tries it, knows its mud and knows its heat;
The mud which closely clings where'er it sticks,
The heat poured forth by weary miles of bricks.
Enough—the Town which you so dearly prize,
And talk of as a second paradise,
To me is like a prison or a grave,
Where man must be a hermit or a slave.
I leave it, and I live a very king¹;
I lounge, I sit, I whistle, and I sing.

² Wytham is Lord Abingdon's park, and is peculiar for the length of its turf rides or drives.

³ *Vivo et regno, simul ista reliqui.*

Your bustle wearies me, your pleasures cloy;
I'm tired of wedding cake, like Gunter's boy⁴.

Women, as Chesterfield long since avowed,
Love to be jammed and hustled in a crowd,
But I detest it. I delight in space;
A mob's a mob, whatever be its place.
A man, whose name I do not care to tell
(Jones, Brown, or Robinson will do as well),
Grown rich in trade, must needs at last aspire
To buy a country seat and act the squire.
Became a magistrate, to sessions went,
And talked of poachers, foxes, crops, and rent;
Denounced the malt-tax, took to Church, learnt whist,
Allowed his daughter to turn Ritualist,
Came out a Tory of the deepest blue,
Though once a Radical and Baptist too—
Conformed, in short, in every point, and then
Was welcomed by the country gentlemen.
His wife too, anxious to essay the sphere
Of rank and birth and fashion, said: 'My dear,
'We'll give a ball at Almack's. Write and say
'We want the rooms. What? When? Six weeks to-day.'

⁴ Utque sacerdotis fugitivus liba, recuso;

Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.

It may be anticipated that Mr. Gunter's servants are surfeited of wedding cake.

‘Whom can we ask—we do not know a soul?’
‘Leave that to me, and I’ll arrange the whole.
‘We know the Duchess; I’ll consult her Grace,
‘She’ll issue all the cards, and fill the place.’
The Duchess graciously invited all
Her friends, and her’s alone, to Jones’s ball;
The numerous guests arrive, her Grace receives
With all the ease of birth and strawberry leaves;
The Joneses, who at length discerned their doom,
Remained—the only strangers in the room.
The crowd grows thicker, and the luckless host
Makes to the door, and leans against its post,
Buried in thought; he cursed himself, his wife,
Society, and fashionable life,
When a familiar voice salutes his ear:
‘What? Jones? Why, who the devil asked *you* here⁵?’
We live, my friend, in a commercial age,
A duke sells game, a duchess patronage.

Men gather money with such reckless haste,
That, while they save, they don’t see what they waste;
For, after each has given his steadiest pains,
His losses far outnumber all his gains.
All kindly sympathies of human life
Are trodden out amid the restless strife;

⁵ The story in the text is a fact.

What sense has that man of the nobler joys
Whose heart is full of dirt, whose head of noise?
Whose mind is bent so wholly upon pelf
That he disdains what is not like himself?
Who thinks his dross the grandest thing on earth,
And by his money only measures worth;
Who always fancies that the meanest vice,
The loftiest virtue, has a market price;
Who's truthful, since he knows there's loss in doubt;
Who's honest, only since he's not found out?
Now let him save, scrape, labour to the end,
Forfeit peace, wisdom, honour, own no friend,
Bury his heart inside his gathered store;
(He gains this only, and he gains no more;)
One sentence tells the substance of his claims—
One sentence represents his highest aims:
'There's twopence-halfpenny turns up his nose,
'And scorns the wealth which twopence-farthing shows.'

Suppose you were to follow nature's voice⁶,
Suppose no habit did pervert your choice,
How, if you had resolved to settle down,
Could you do better than select this town?
Half rural, and half urban, it supplies
All that life needs, and so with London vies.

⁶ Vivere naturae si convenienter oportet, etc.

Its park and gardens are, believe me, just
As is a village, free from smoke and dust.
Here it is possible, in sleepy nooks,
To pore or nod o'er endless rows of books;
Here, as I glance through many an ancient page,
And con the learning of a bygone age,
I marvel, as these fossil thoughts I note,
That folks were found to read what others wrote.

Is London cheerier in November's rime,
Or is it healthier in the summer time,
When every man who is not six foot five
(If Tyndall's right) breathes air that's all alive⁷?
Close to the ceaseless rumble of the street,
Your sleep is sound perhaps, but is it sweet?
The bright and fragrant turf where Nature smiles
Is ten times pleasanter than Minton's tiles.
The fresh drawn water, sparkling from my well,
Is better far to sight, to taste, to smell,
Than what you get from Chelsea water-works⁸,
Where sewage festers and where poison lurks;
Which eats the lead, and fruitful of disease,
Gives you the colic, and your doctor fees.

⁷ Mr. Tyndall has drawn an awful picture of the 'organisms' which float about in the London air, within five feet of the ground.

⁸ *Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum,
Quam quae per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum?*

You Londoners still show how much you prize
The rustic life, which you, forsooth, despise;
In every part of Town the proof is seen:
Look at the stunted flowers of Bethnal Green,
The little greenhouses of tinted glass,
The tiny plots of cherished City grass.
Your rents are far beyond my modest mark,
They're doubled, if the house commands the Park.
Thrust Nature out, ay, drive her far away⁹,
Back she returns, and slyly holds her sway;
Fashion may thwart her will, but, should she please,
She bursts the strongest barriers at her ease.

The thoughtless victim of a tradesman's sham¹⁰,
Who knows not Mechlin lace from Nottingham;
The gull, who hoaxed by Yorkshire copers, buys
A hack that roars, and jibs, and rears, and shies;
The fool, whom florid circulars incline
To risk his savings in an Emma mine;
Who backs turf favourites to a huge amount,
Or plays *écarté* with a Polish count:
Not one of these provokes a surer fate,
None buys experience at a dearer rate,

⁹ *Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret,
Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix.*

¹⁰ Non, qui Sidonio, etc.

Than he who says he does what others do,
But can't tell what is false and what is true.
If, adding much to what you had before
Good fortune spoils you, bad will spoil you more;
Allow your happiness on wealth to hinge,
You'll find the loss of wealth the sharpest twinge;
You have enough; be happy as you are,
For greater riches mean but greater care;
Beneath a modest roof, content will gain
What kings and courtiers seek, and seek in vain¹¹;
Use what you have for what is just and fit,
Then yours belongs to you, not you to it.

Sent to a distant land in early youth
Brown made his way by honour, thrift, and truth ;
Ten years he worked and saved, then satisfied,
Back to his native land our merchant hied :
A man of worth as well as wealth, he sought
How he might wisely use the cash he'd brought ;
He clearly saw his fortune could be graced
Only by prudence, candour, judgment, taste,
Assumed no airs, indulged in no pretence,
Guided his words, his acts, by common sense,
Maintained his self-respect, though glad to please,
Seemed not to aim, but won his aims with ease,

11 licet sub paupere tecto
Reges et regum vita praecurrere amicos.

And proved that he had learned the highest tact
When no one feared, and no one dared detract,
(I don't say hate, for some men are so nice
That they can't bear a man without a vice).
Well, such a hater, with a well-bred sneer
(He took good care that all the room should hear),
Said, 'Dawdle asked me, Brown, if I could tell
'What are your shield, your arms, your motto:' well:
Brown winced, grew red, looked puzzled for a while,
Then answered gaily with a pleasant smile:
'My shield is *Or*, sir, and the arms I bear
'*Three mushrooms rampant*; motto, *Here we are*¹².'

You know the story of the Stag and Horse,
And how, by dint of his superior force
(His horns enabling him to stand at bay),
The Stag contrived to drive the Horse away,
Usurped the common pasture as his own,
In clover lived and reigned, and reigned alone;
And how, despairing of a better plan,
The baffled Horse implored the help of Man,
Lent all his strength to aid his patron's wit,
Endured the saddle, rider, spur, and bit,
Triumphed—and victor in a righteous cause,
For ever bears the bit between his jaws.

¹² This also is a fact.

Thus he who, dreading poverty, consents
To barter freedom for the Three per Cents,
And seeks, poor devil, how to scrape and save,
Still bears a master, and still lives a slave,
Because, forsooth, his spirit can't endure
To hear that Smith is rich while he is poor.

Men's fortunes are like boots, this pair when worn
Is found too tight, and gives the man a corn;
Put on a pair that's bigger than is meet,
You sprain your ankle or you gall your feet.
Live, R——, then, contented with your lot,
And if you ever find that I am not,
Should you discern at any time that I
Angle for favour, flatter, fawn, or lie,
Quit work for which an honest market pays,
And seek more fortune by dishonest ways,
Censure me roundly, warn your erring friend,
Spare no reproach and fear not to offend ¹³.
What each man has, what each can earn and hoard,
As he employs it, is his slave or lord,
The man who deals in pigs, if they're alive,
Finds it saves time to carry, not to drive.
Would you were here! I sit and write to you,
Hard by the wall, inside a tower, at New ¹⁴.

¹³ Nec me dimittes incastigatum, ubi plura
Cogere quam satis est ac non cessare videbor.

¹⁴ Haec tibi dictalam post fanum putre Vacinae, etc.

H O R A C E.

Satires : II. i.

[In the original satire Horace consults a legal friend as to the criticism passed on his productions, and the risks he incurs in their publication. A dialogue thereupon ensues.]

A DIALOGUE.

R. Some think my satire's fiercer than is right¹,
Blame it as rash, and charge my words with spite ;
Bid me reflect that every creature feels,
And though its ears be long can use its heels ;
Inform me that the age will not endure
The thrust which hits because its aim is sure ;
And that it takes the very worst offence
When what it hears conveys no doubtful sense :
While others speak of it as vapid rhyme²,
The feeble echo of a bygone time.

¹ Sunt quibus in satira videor nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus.

² Sine nervis altera, quidquid
Composui. pars esse putat ; similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. Trebati, etc.

'This kind of verse,' such friendly critics say,
 'Was all the fashion once, and had its day ;
 'Pope, Dryden, Johnson, Churchill, wrote it well ;
 'Were polished, strong, sonorous, forcible :
 'Such stuff as this reminds one of a mill,
 'Which spun its yarn last year, and spins it still.
 'With Walker's aid, a thousand verses might,
 'Of such a kind, be ground 'twixt noon and night.'
 Now, tell me, P——, what must I do?

Advise.

P. Give over writing.

R. What! do you

Bid me abandon verse?

P. Of course.

R. 'Twere best,

Assuredly, but I should get no rest.

I cannot sleep unless whate'er I think

Is midwived by the aid of pen and ink.

P. Not sleep? A thousand methods may be found
 By which to make your slumber deep and sound.
 Read Bain's Emotions, Hegel's mistiest rant ;
 Wordsworth's Excursion. Swedenborg, or Kant ;
 Listen to sermons, speeches, bumble-bees ;
 Like Gladstone, labour hard at felling trees³ ;

³ Mr. Gladstone is reported to be an expert lumberer, and to be able to cut down a tree in a shorter time than many workmen.

Work a bicycle, join the Alpine club,
 Ride a high-stepping horse, or row a tub ;
 Dine late, drink copious draughts of mellow port ¹ :
 These remedies and others of the sort
 Will all your thoughts in deep oblivion drench,
 And make you snore like Tories on their bench.
 But if, by frenzy overmastered quite,
 This itch, this passion, forces you to write,
 Then, like the Laureate, try your hand at praise,
 Extol the deeds of Arthur's golden days ⁵,
 Turn baseless legends into sounding verse,
 Tickle the public's ears—and fill your purse ;
 Rail at the mob, and welcome, if you will,
 But hint that chivalry is living still ;
 Address, with pious reverence, as did he,
 'The silent father of our kings to be ⁶.'

R. Truest of friends, I wish I had the skill ;
 The power is wanting, though I feel the will.
 Not every man can venture on the theme
 Or versify what Mallory ⁷ could dream,
 Or write of 'splintering spears,' and 'hard mail hewn,'
 Of fields with 'brands' and 'hollow helmets' strewn,

¹ Irriguumque mero sub noctem corpus habento.

⁵ aude Caesaris invicti res dicere.

⁶ A line pirated from Mr. Tennyson.

⁷ The author of the Arthurian legend. The words in commas are from Mr. Tennyson's poems.

‘Shield breakings,’ ‘samite,’ and ‘black-hooded’ dames,
 And ‘thundersmoke,’ and ‘wings of gold,’ and ‘flames.’
 Or bring knight-errantry to life anew—
 The thing which Don Cervantes overthrew.

P. Seek then a modern subject for your lays,
 And let the world resound with Gladstone’s praise⁸;
 Extol the tact and taste his colleagues show,
 From courteous Ayrton up to gentle Lowe,
 How wise, how just, how winning are the men.
 Here is unequalled matter for your pen.
 The task is easy, if the writer tries;
 Dryden could flatter, Pope could eulogise.

R. Whene’er the chance occurs I will not fail⁹.
 Just now, I fear, the topic’s rather stale.
 This maxim’s true: That man alone succeeds
 Who never speaks until his audience heeds.
 The public must be taken at the nick;
 Coax it unwisely, and the beast will kick¹⁰.

P. But this is better than in stinging verse¹¹
 To make your victim smart, and earn his curse.
 To rouse the wrath of sycophants, to brave
 The deadly malice of the branded knave.

⁸ This was written in 1873.

⁹ Haud mihi deero

Quum res ipsa feret.

¹⁰ Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

¹¹ Quanto rectius hoc quam tristi laedere versu, etc.

Satire's a dangerous weapon, man, to touch;
 They who employ it use it overmuch.
 Pick up a bar of iron all a-glow,
 You burn your fingers while you scorch your foe.
 Nay, those you have not singed foresee their fate¹²,
 And recompense your power with cordial hate.

R. What shall I do? Does not a reverend seer
 Gather good profit from a boundless fear?
 If he is harmless, why am I attacked?
 The sane are not more spiteful than the cracked.
 This man delights in foxes, that in game¹³:
 Of fifty men, no two are just the same.
 Whatever be the numbers of mankind,
 So many different characters you'll find.
 I imitate (with whom I cannot cope)
 The polished couplet of the sprightly Pope¹⁴.
 A better man than either you or I,
 He wrote as if his books were sitting by,
 As if the thoughts which issued from his mind
 Safe in their trusty hands were his to find;
 Whate'er betided, verse was still the source
 Whence flowed his wit, its polish and its force.

¹² Nam sibi quisque timet, quamquam est intactus, et odit.

¹ Castor gaudet equis, ovo prognatus eodem
 Pugnis, quot capitum, etc.

¹¹ Me pedibus delectat claudere verba
 Lucili ritu nostrum melioris utroque, etc.

Thus the whole life and spirit of his age
Show like a picture in his vivid page.
This man I follow always, but I strive¹⁵
To wantonly attack no thing alive;
My rapier can be sheathed. Why draw it out
While neither knave nor blockhead prowls about?
Let rust devour its edge and dim its sheen,
I shall not quit my ease to make it keen.
But if a man provoke me, understand
He'd better clutch ten hornets in his hand;
I give him warning, for the Town shall know,
How I can use it when I find a foe.

P. Attorneys still exist who speculate¹⁶
On costs for libel; this may be your fate;
Another rogue, who finds his withers wrung,
May vent the secret poison of his tongue;
The critics of some publisher's review
May take revenge for what they know is true;
In ambush lurk, from ambush slyly spring,
Puff like an adder, like an adder sting.
You may be over-confident; the wise
Shrewdly avoid the creatures they despise.

¹⁵ Sed hic stilus haud petet ultro
Quemquam animantem. etc.

¹⁶ Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam, etc.

R. Aye, Nature, Darwin tells us, moulds the face,
And forms each gesture which denotes the race¹⁷.
When danger threatens, violence is near;
All seek, he says, to frighten those they fear.
He must be right, I fancy; if you doubt,
Look at the facts which bear the maxim out.
Wolves show their teeth, and bulls decline their heads,
The fearful skunk persistent perfume sheds:
Why, if an instinct did not guide their acts
And make them keenly sensitive to facts?
So Palmer¹⁸, when he murdered friend and wife,
Avoided clumsy bludgeon, tell-tale knife,
(A wolf will never raise his heels to smite,
A bull will never bark, or grin, or bite,)
Acted a sedulous, a loving part,
And poisoned each of them with perfect art¹⁹.
Not to be tedious, if a calm old age
Expects me, and a lengthened pilgrimage,
Or death should suddenly, before my sight,
Rise, the black phantom of life's shortened light,
Rich, poor, in England, or, if Fate command,
The venturous settler in some foreign land—

¹⁷ The theory promulgated in one of Mr. Darwin's later works.

¹⁸ Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner of 1856. The villain in Horace poisoned his mother.

¹⁹ *Ne longum faciam, seu me tranquilla*, etc.

Whatever shapes my life or guides its course,
Write on I will, and write I must, perforce.

P. Young man, I warn you ; think what you provoke.
A mighty statesman never makes a joke²⁰,
And won't forgive one ; if you're over-bold,
You'll have to live, believe me, in the cold.
The Tory hates and wrongs what he suspects,
The Whig complete subservience expects.
Think for yourself ; the one will persecute,
The other say, he does not follow suit.
Decorous dullness is the thing that pays ;
This earns the pudding, wit earns only praise.

R. Why, Pope and Dryden, when they first began
To write in this wise on the modern man,
To strip the knave who traded in disguise,
And show him as he is to all men's eyes,
To pluck the visor off in which he went,
Ambitious, cringing, mean and insolent,
Found no dislike among the wise and just,
For fools alone meet genius with distrust.
Were they offended when the scorching verse
Of Dryden clung to Shaftesbury²¹ like a curse?

²⁰

O puer, ut sis

Vitalis, metuo, et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.²¹ The character of Shaftesbury in Absalom and Achitophel.

Or when the *blasé* Hervey²² got his due,
 And Pope portrayed him in his natural hue,
 Did Mordaunt or did St. John²³ blame his rage,
 The bravest and the shrewdest of the age?
 They galled the proudest when the case was strong,
 They scourged the nation when 'twas in the wrong.
 Their aims were honest, public were their ends,
 Allies to virtue only, and her friends.

But when the task was done, and well-won ease²⁴
 Led them to gossip under Chiswick's trees,
 When Twickenham harboured many an honoured guest
 And simple food maintained its natural zest,
 How sportive were the friends, how quick the wit,
 How genial was the mirth which welcomed it!
 How the fresh flavour of their free discourse
 Heightened the charm of life, and gave it force?

If Pope has passed away, the facts survive,
 The subjects of his satire are alive.
 Chartres and Cibber are the types of men,
 A little pains may find them out again.

²² Lord Hervey, the Lord Fanny and Sporus of Pope's satire.

²³ Lords Peterborough and Bolingbroke. Lord Peterborough died in 1735. Lord Bolingbroke was attainted in 1715, and restored to his estates, but not to his honours, in 1725, and died in 1751. They were Pope's intimate friends.

Num Laelius, et qui

Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
 Ingenio offensi, etc.

²⁴ Quin ubi se a vulgo, etc.

So, as the human species has increased,
The race of dunces has not wholly ceased;
Grub Street²⁵ has lost its authors, but a band
Of folks like them has settled in the Strand;
Lintot and Curll²⁶ have vanished long ago,
But their successors flourish in the Row.

Nor Cumming²⁷ nor Teiresias can deny
The truth of this unvarying prophecy:
The theme for satire never can be stale,
The crop of knaves and fools will never fail,
As long as greed and ignorance are rife,
And diamonds blaze upon a broker's wife.

Enough; the little wit I call my own,
No matter whether natural, borrowed, grown,
Was nurtured on the wholesomest of food,
The constant converse of the wise and good.
Whatever it may lack in *verve* and force
No man alive can vilify its source.
Malice is shrewd, at least before it bites;
'Tis a poor cur to him who turns and fights.
I hope you don't dissent.

²⁵ Grub Street was the residence of the minor poets and pamphleteers of Pope's day. Its present name is Milton Street.

²⁶ Publishers in Pope's time. The latter was frequently lampooned by the Poet.

²⁷ Dr. Cumming is a well-known interpreter of prophecy.

P. I don't define²⁸;
 The warning's general, and it is not mine.
 The danger, as I think, is mighty clear:
 The law is very just, but very dear.
 You overstep it; well, the case is tried,
 And Hawkins²⁹ prosecutes. The fact's denied,
 The jury's stupid.

R. If I justify
 And Cockburn's³⁰ on the bench.

P. I don't deny
 If such a wise and righteous judge were there,
 (You recollect *Regina versus Eyre*?)
 In such a case perhaps your cur might fail,
 And use his shambling legs to hide his tail.

²⁸ Equidem nihil hinc diffindere possum, etc.

²⁹ An eminent counsel, who exhibited remarkable ability in the Tichborne case.

³⁰ The abilities and integrity of Chief Justice Cockburn are conspicuous even among many judges who possess the same characteristics. The allusion in the text is to his charge to the jury in the case of Governor Eyre.

JUVENAL.

Satire I.

WHAT! must I always hear¹ and not reply,
Must read the comment with the news I buy?
Must I be tutored day, week, month, and year,
By Levy, Johnson, Yates, or Labouchere²?
Or when with ready, flippant, furtive pen
The *World*³ instructs *its* women and *its* men,
Must I be patient with the tale it tells,
And gulp the fictions which it shreds and sells?
Must I be silent, when a friendly puff
Finds loftiest genius in the sorriest stuff?
Or must I, if I judge of fact or deed,
Abjure the Pope, and make the *Times* my creed?
Shall I endure, nor find out my redress,
The stilted nonsense of the London press⁴?

¹ Semper ego auditor tantum, etc.

² Editors or proprietors of London papers.

³ This is a newspaper which has a column of piquant cuttings. It is said by its proprietors to be 'a journal for men and women.'

⁴ impune diem consumserit ingens
Telephus?

(Year after year the noisy mischief grows,
 From dawn to dark its penny trumpet blows,
 Scolds, threatens, flatters, hides or strains the facts,
 Boldly defames, or secretly detracts;
 And screaming out the passion of the hour
 Deafens one's ears with fifty-donkey power.)
 Shall I not visit with my angriest rhymes
 The sharper and the bully of the times⁵,
 Wade daily through the columns that he prints,
 The lies he utters, and the lies he hints,
 Nor warn, with all the skill I can employ,
 The silly dotterel from the smug decoy?

Full well I know⁶, before I cut the leaves,
 What he asserts, and what a mob believes;
 I can predict the purpose he intends,
 And how he handles facts to serve his ends;
 I can foresee what 'tis he means to state,
 His reasons guess, his talk anticipate,
 Forecast the slang with which his style is strung⁷,
 And how his pen maltreats the English tongue.
 I know how far he dreads, how far he dares,
 To aid the ups and downs of stocks and shares;

⁵ The reference is to papers published for Stock Exchange purposes.

⁶ *Nota magis nulli domus sua*, etc.

⁷ We owe many new words and many corruptions of the language to the newspapers.

How 'tis his clients may succeed or fail,
 Ensure a fortune, or achieve a jail;
 How, Jason-like, the man whose schemes are bold⁸
 May filch by sleight the modern fleece of gold;
 And why his victim, eager to attack,
 Would lay an ashen cudgel⁹ on his back.

To make the worse appear the better cause,
 And by this art to win a mob's applause;
 To stir the factious passion of the hour;
 To cheat men's reason, and to call it power;
 To mock an honest effort in its youth,
 And boisterously accept triumphant truth,—
 This is the craft, which often not in vain,
 The secret journalist attempts to gain,
 Whether he haunt the tavern or the club,
 Be Walter's henchman or Kenealy's scrub¹⁰.
 But worse than all, the bore I know and dread,
 Who talks the leaders which he just has read,
 Bolts what his sophists argue or relate,
 And makes his morning drench his evening prate.

⁸ Quid agant venti, quas torqueat umbras
 Aeacus, unde alius furtivae devehat aurum
 Pelliculae.

⁹ Quantas jaculetur Morychus ornos.

¹⁰ The highest and lowest form of journalism. Exspectes eadem a summo minimoque poeta.

Time was when I believed the secret pen¹¹
 Could be a weapon fit for honest men ;
 Time was when I imagined that the press
 Had a true mission, and could ban or bless ;
 When I had pictured editorial might
 As living justice with the gift of sight ;
 I thought that I too might perform the feat
 Of uttering wisdom in a daily sheet,
 Protect the interests of the British race,
 Advise¹² a minister to quit his place,
 Praise the true patriot, undertake the task
 Of making knavery tremble and unmask ;
 Engaged in such a noble, generous toil
 I thought I might my ream of paper spoil.
 Heavens ! what a blockhead was I to suppose
 These people care to cherish aims like those,
 Or doubt their object, write they what they may,
 Is, what's the means to make the paper pay.

If you have leisure to discover why¹³
 These objects I essay, these paths I try,
 Through which the mighty chiefs of satire dashed
 And cowed the wretches whom they sought and lashed ;

¹¹ Et nos ergo manum, etc.

¹² Consilium dedimus Sullae privatus ut altum
 Dormiret.

¹³ Cur tamen hoc libeat, etc.

Through which Lucilius¹⁴, like a river, flung;
Where Horace mocked the creatures whom he stung;
And loftiest Juvenal, stern, fierce, and great,
Scourged most in anger, and scourged least in hate;
Where cautious Hall and Donne, where Marvell bold
Taught Pope the art to hint, and sneer, and scold;
Where Oldham, Dryden, Churchill, Byron plied
Their whips on brazen face and stubborn hide,
And wonder why a quiet man should turn¹⁵
His strength to satire,—listen and you'll learn.

When priests profess a creed which they despise,
And think one cannot pierce through their disguise;
When sycophants, to catch the public ear,
Pretend a loyalty at which they sneer;
When prosperous harlots, with unchallenged sway,
Dictate the fashions which the pure obey;
When Darnley¹⁶ arrogates a feudal claim,
And all his tenants glory in their shame;
When statesmen, knowing what is just and true,
Yield to the clamour of a drunken crew;
When every other man, who sells or buys,
Acts on the rule that traffic thrives by lies;

¹⁴ Auruncae alumnus.

¹⁵ Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis, edam.

¹⁶ A nobleman who has lately been lecturing his tenants; and worse, who finds his tenants all that he could wish.

When one can watch the solemn, scheming prig,
Whose candid counsels mask a secret rig,
And hear him warn men from the traps he baits,
But silyly buy what he depreciates¹⁷;
And when Ward Hunt, with all his head and hand,
Controls the navy of one's native land;—
Among such samples of the modern man
Who will not utter satire if he can¹⁸?

Who is so quit of feeling, void of sense¹⁹,
So stolid, as to harbour no offence,
If close to Albert's monument, a Jew
Erects his mansion, and obscures the view;
If a turf spider, with his meshes set,
Draws noble after noble to the net²⁰;
If reckless scribblers can invent, and pen
Their wanton libels upon honest men;
If prosperous traders rival in expense
The splendid lords of ancient opulence;
If brokers' wives are arbiters of taste,
And swelter in their jewels or their paste;

¹⁷ *Scelus esse factum loquuntur: faciuntque.* An adage of Tacitus which is as true as ever, and may be verified from many of the London papers.

¹⁸ *Difficile est Satiram non scribere.*

¹⁹ *quis iniquae*

Tam patiens urbis, tam stolidus.

²⁰ *cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa*

Quod superest.

If German, Greek, and Hebrew, bent on spoil,
Hustle the Briton from his native soil;
If, in their homage to the nobly born,
Critics can praise the jingling rhyme of Lorne²¹;
If wealthy knaves can claim and get the right
To wash their dirty linen out of sight,
And social custom will condone their crimes,—
Who cannot write a satire on the times?
With facts and men like these before one's face
These types and teachers of the English race,
Who can conceive a heart which must not burn,
Who can conceive a foot which would not spurn?

Who can restrain his anger when he sees²²
England infested by such things as these?
There, watched and followed by a thousand eyes
The hero of a hundred swindles lies;
He means, emboldened by his long success,
To bribe a vestry, or to buy the press,
And hopes, encouraged by their hired applause,
To rob a nation, and then make its laws.
And here, another portent of the times
Is sheltered by the greatness of his crimes;

²¹ A poem by a noble lord, which has lately been reviewed in a most gushing manner by several London papers. Since this has been done, certain schoolmasters have indulged themselves in the *foeda adulatio* of giving the book as a prize to their boys.

²² Quid referam, quanta siccum jecur ardeat ira.

Because his baffled victims dare not choose
To tell the tricks²³ which he knew how to use.
He may be infamous, but they were rash ;
He takes an alias and secures the cash,
Retires from public notice, and enjoys
His spoils, and secretly perhaps, the noise ;
While those he fleeced in angry tones complain,
That he who trusts in law, may trust in vain.

Was Chartres worse than Collie, Craggs than Fisk ?
Are modern bubbles free from fraud and risk ?
Do they, who send you circulars, intend
To act the candid, honest, truthful friend ?
Is there much room to doubt what they design,
Who puff Canadian oil and Emma mine ?
Where huge advertisements invite one's gaze,
D'ye guess what tis 'the city leader' says ?
And is it not far better to display
The culprit and his meaning to the day
Than prate of fictions, and demurely curse
One's generation in subjective verse ;
Or with a moral hell before one's eyes,
Depict instead an earthly paradise ?

Again, if England will commit a cause,
Which she should cherish, to such eager claws

²³ This is said to be the case with certain recent swindles.

As none who, watching o'er a private right,
 Would trust a single instant out of sight;
 Or stupidly assigns the highest worth,
 In those whom she employs, to wealth and birth;
 If she admits the claims they make at once,
 And cannot think a duke can be a dunce;
 Commits her schools to those whose aim and mark
 Is, how to keep the people in the dark;
 If Derby, true to instinct, seeks to save
 The harassed interest which steals the slave,
 Or if she sees her 'First Lord'²⁴ fairly pledged
 To make her fleet the phantom he alleged,
 Allows the man to work his foolish will,
 Knows what he muddles, and is patient still;
 If she consigns her army²⁵ to the hands
 Of those who plunge, and squander home and lands,
 If, daily tutored by her social gods,
 She trusts the prophets, and debates the odds,
 And, when her minions cast away all shame,
 Smiles, and permits the indulgence which they claim,—
 Shall not the satirist²⁶ his matter meet
 In any company, in every street,

²⁴ Mr. Ward Hunt.

²⁵ curam sperare cohortis

Qui bona donavit praecepibus.

²⁶ Nonne licet medio. etc.

And not be forced in bitterness to say
 Wrong must be done that right may have its way?
 And I, a lover of the common weal,
 Not venture on the hatred which I feel?

Room for the mighty master of finance!
 Give way! and let his equipage advance!—
 It is not Gladstone, who contrives to blend
 The ever fresh distrust of foe and friend,
 And by a native art, or studied skill,
 Wins hatred, whether he does well or ill;—
 No, 'tis a widely different sort of man,
 Who gauges fools, and plies the powers he can,
 Who hints at gains of fabulous amounts,
 Perplexes facts, and mystifies accounts,
 With eager avarice sets men's hearts aglow
 And wins their cash and wonder at a blow.

Room for the matron! who with nicest art
 Appraises every prize in fashion's mart,
 Knows how to dress her daughters down for sale,
 And trap the owner of a vast entail;
 Though he be impotent, mad, vicious, old,
 Such frailties may be whispered, never told;
 If they be gilded by a huge estate,
 Envy condones the vices of the great;

The rich and noble need not harbour fears,
Their own relations always try the peers ;
And, while the grateful Englishman accords
His thanks to God for England's House of Lords,
And while these lords to their own selves are true,
Canaille! the dock is only meant for you.

Would you succeed where other people fail ²⁷ ?
Commit a crime that's worthy of a jail.
Would you be welcomed by the world's applause?
The readiest road is, to transgress the laws.
From willing dupes a plenteous fortune carve ;
The man who lives by honesty will starve ²⁸.

Look through the genuine annals of the lords,
And learn the boon which prosperous vice affords.
The prudent Marlborough saved his earliest gain
Out of the fulsome lust of Castlemaine ;
By dirty byeways followed after fame,
And rose to greatness by his sister's shame.
The Stuart haram bred that ducal gang
Which crushed the race from which the mischief sprang.
A harlot's hire procured it jewels, plate,
Exalted title, pension, cash, estate ;

²⁷ Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum, etc.

²⁸ Probitas laudatur, et alget.

And all the court, except a decent few,
 Joined the mad rout of Comus and his crew.
 Osborne took bribes on all sides, far and near,
 Duncombe did more, but each was made a peer.
 Pshaw! why recall the records of the race,
 Enough is stated to support my case,
 If nature failed me, wrath would force the verse,
 Which Lorne and I write,—I perhaps the worse ²⁹.

Since Grammont ³⁰, half in earnest, half in sport,
 Sketched the wild revel of King Charles's court,
 And limned the godless, sordid, brazen crew,
 Who made Whitehall at once a hell and stew,
 Down to the scandals of a later age,
 Which England reads in virtuous Greville's ³¹ page;
 Since Parliament became a venal tribe
 Since Louis gave, and Sidney clutched the bribe,
 Down to the time when, as the world relates,
 M. P. directors freely serve as baits;
 Since Manley ³², in too many a luscious tale,
 Put up her plainest ³³ nudities for sale;

²⁹ Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
 Qualemcumque potest, quales ego, vel Cluvenus.

³⁰ Ex quo Deucalion, etc.

³¹ Mr. Greville's revelations and regrets are equally instructive.

³² A female novelist of the Revolution.

³³ Maribus nudas ostendit Pyrrha puellas.

Down to the prurient fictions of to-day,
Which women tell, and find the telling pay ;
Since the lewd epilogues which Dryden wrote,
And which he meant that women's tongues should quote,
Till this our epoch, when the poet trills
Delirious memories of subjective thrills :
Whatever men may do, wish, hate, love, act³⁴,
Like, talk, becomes for what I write a fact.

When was a greater crop of open vice³⁵?
When was the love of greed more plain, less nice?
When did the gambler play a larger stake?
More safely win, or more serenely break?
When did the pious churchman, in his pew,
Devise more tricks, more subtle, or more new.
And when, forsooth, than in these later days,
Did God get franker, Mammon fonder praise?

Three fourths of these whom Tattersall protects
Adore the Establishment and scorn the sects ;
Nine tenths of those who pander to the great
Support the glorious bond of Church and State ;
While the smug parson listens to their cries,
And finds his safety in these swart allies.

³⁴ Quidquid agunt homines votum, timor ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

³⁵ Et quando uberior vitiorum copia, etc.

Who is it builds the grandest mansion now ³⁶?
 To whom do supple tradesmen cringe and bow?
 Who is it makes the biggest mob his dupe?
 Who gulps the largest mess of turtle soup?
 Who is it keeps most voters in his pay?
 Who through corruption wings his upward way,
 And knows by dirty arts that he can get
 Through lower office to the cabinet?
 Who is it manages the party press?—
 The very cads in Palace Yard can guess.

He does not waste his bribes, his agent notes
 The crowd which has, the crowd which has not votes;
 Pays those who ask upon the former roll,
 And wishes he could gratify the whole;
 Reckons the true supporters, has the sense
 To scare the claimant on a false pretence,
 And like the fabled lynx, he sees besides
 All that the mystery of the ballot hides.

Give, Dizzy, give, before your hand is forced,
 A place to honest, candid, Mister Gorst;
 He means, it seems, if what he says is true,
 To make you place him, and his voters too.

³⁶ Quis totidem erexit villas, etc.

Give, Dizzy, give in time, a little heed
 To what is said by honest farmer Read³⁸;
 He means, it seems, if what he says is true,
 To make you right him, and the country too.

No, there are stronger claimants to the fore
 Than Gorst and Read, than—more than twenty score.
 May not a brewer or a prince of gin
 Hustle his betters out, and jostle in;
 And, as his rivals storm, when pushed aside,
 Argue the matter thus, with proper pride:—
 ‘Can birth and breeding give a higher claim?
 ‘Money’s a fact, all else is but a name.
 ‘Five hundred bars³⁹ within no narrow bounds
 ‘Earn every year my fifty thousand pounds.
 ‘Besides, this age all old distinctions drops,
 ‘The sons of nobles deign to serve in shops⁴⁰,
 ‘What is there that my income can’t afford?
 ‘Am I not wealthier than many a lord?’

³⁸ Mr. Read is member for Norfolk, and has left the Government because he is not satisfied with their management of the cattle quarantine. Mr. Read is a public man, of whom the farmers may well be proud, on the ground of his moderation, his good sense, his manliness, and his integrity.

³⁹ *quinque tabernae*

Quadringenta parant.

Juvenal’s fictitious hero was more successful than mine.

⁴⁰ *custodit in agro*

Conductas Corvinus oves (or opes).

Wisdom and virtue! be not over rash;
You court defeat when you contend with cash.

As yet no tall cathedral upward soars⁴¹,
To that Great Mammon which the world adores;
As yet the form of public worship's due
To what is righteous, honest, loving, true;
As yet we think it decent to decry
The man who thrives upon a lifelong lie;
Though wealth gains honours none the less divine,
And holds in most men's hearts a secret shrine.

If Juvenal predicted as he wrote,—
'There is no vice for future time to note'⁴².
'The crimes and follies of our social state
'Posterity perhaps may emulate;
'For though men strive and struggle to do ill,
'Add to the sum they cannot, if they will':
Does any one believe that what we do,
Though it be vile and monstrous, can be new,
Unless it be what Plimsoll may detect,
Though far beyond what Plimsoll dares suspect⁴³?

⁴¹ Quandoquidem inter nos, etc.

⁴² Nil erit ulterius quod nostris moribus addat
Posteritas, etc.

⁴³ A late occurrence at Bremerhaven has perhaps fulfilled this prediction.

Shake every reef out on your spreading sail,
Occasion aids you, catch and use the gale⁴⁴.

Aye, if my wit were equal to the task,
My answer would prevent what all might ask.
Where is the plain⁴⁵, straightforward, honest rhyme
With which Pope lashed the culprits of his time?
Where is the knife which, sped by Dryden's art,
Pierced Shaftesbury's callous hide and stony heart?
Where is the scourge, whose well directed aim
Brought to that brazen brow one blush of shame?
To those great masters must I bow and yield
Since meaner subjects occupy the field.

What does it matter⁴⁶, do I what I may,
That Mister Charley⁴⁷ pardons what I say?

Offend the Tigellinus of the times⁴⁸
And treason is a trifle to your crimes;
No matter that your aims are innocent,
He will detect or hint your dark intent;

⁴⁴ utere velis,

Totos pande sinus.

⁴⁵ unde illa priorum

Simplicitas, etc.

⁴⁶ Quid refert dictis ignoscat Mucius, an non?

⁴⁷ Mr. Charley is member for Salford. He has a certain distinction.

⁴⁸ Pone Tigellinum, etc. Tigellinus was an upstart in Rome. He probably manipulated the *acta diurna*.

Be wise as Cobden, eloquent as Bright,
You'll be the victim of his ceaseless spite;
While living, he'll pervert what you have said,
And blacken, if he can, your name when dead.

What! must I hold my tongue, or drop my pen,
Because I cross the path of prosperous men?
By paper wings these patriots mount on high,
Exhort or scorn us from their social sky;
Like Jove, shake all the world with half a wink,
Hurl down their thunderbolts of printers' ink,
And, just to show the greatness of their power,
Turn every drop of human nature sour;
Or must I seek their favour in this sort?—
'Give what I say your audience and support,
'To what you write the thinking world inclines—
'Do me the favour to insert these lines.'
Can men write thus, whom honesty could raise
Beyond such censure, and above such praise?
Or like Don Quixote, need one spur one's horse
Against a windmill's sails, a windmill's force?

There's no offence in scolding Bute or North,
Pitt, Eldon, Fox, nay even George the Fourth;
No one's affronted if you choose to paint
Cromwell a rogue, the second Charles a saint.

A playwright ventures to traduce the dead,
 Who cares to challenge what the fellow's said?
 But if your satire ⁴⁹ touches those who live,
 You may receive worse measure than you give;
 Shame sets the conscious hearer's face aglow
 At what he knows himself and thinks you know;
 No human passion, when the facts are clear,
 Equals the malice of a bad man's fear.
 Think therefore cautiously on what you state ⁵⁰,
 Before you grapple with the things you hate,
 Once in the strife, 'tis all too late a day,
 To flinch, or even wish yourself away.

But if this theme be dangerous and vast,
 And I can only criticise the past,
 I'll deal with those who lie within the walls
 Of Peter's crowded abbey, and St. Paul's ⁵¹.

⁴⁹ Ense velut stricto, etc.

⁵⁰ Tecum prius ergo voluta, etc.

⁵¹ Exeriar, quid concedatur in illos,
 Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis, atque Latina.

JUVENAL.

Satire III.

[In his third Satire. Juvenal gives an account of the motives which induced his friend Umbricius to finally quit Rome and take up his abode in a distant country place. Of course the feelings which influenced the Roman were in great measure derived from the peculiar characteristics of Roman society. But there probably always will be, as there certainly now are felt, grievances similar to those of Umbricius. The speaker is angry, and may seem occasionally unjust, but he must be dramatic.]

TIME passes, and my friends are all too few ¹;
The old depart, I hardly welcome new.
New friends, compared with those I gained in youth,
Feel like a dentist's artificial tooth:
Necessity alone can make you bear
What is not you, but only what you wear.
Awkward and strange, you try the thing awhile,
You hope, and say, 'Well, use may reconcile!'
Or, finding that your natures cannot blend,
You throw the tooth away and cut the friend.

¹ Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici.

Thus, while I mourn that I am now bereft
Of one among the best whom time had left,
I cannot blame his going², though he choose
To take what I can ill afford to lose,
And quitting England, seek and find his rest,
Within the fruitful desert of the West.
There grows the future; here the past supplies
One long excuse for wrongs and shams and lies;
The future of our race, where labour can
Garner its fruits, and pays no toll to man;
Where honest toil makes nations opulent,
Where want's unknown, and plenty breeds content;
Where each man's candid, because no man fears;
Where each is gentle, because all are peers;
Where general self-respect leaves no pretence
For either high or low-bred insolence;
Where no two nations fret away their life,
Either in sullen truce, or bitter strife;
Nor, one in name, but watchful foes at heart,
Still dwell together, but still dwell apart;
Nor to the glory of the Church and State
Is this one trained to fear and that to hate;
Nor read the golden rule of conduct so:
'Trust none you know not, and trust none you know.'

² *Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis, etc.*

What! thread Cheapside, and hurry through the
Strand?

I'd sooner try the fogs of Newfoundland.

What! pace Pall Mall or loiter in the Park³?

I'd sooner live in Scilly or in Sark.

What is more lonely than those thronging streets,

Where no one knows a single face he meets?

Those seething crowds of men, who press and press,

Those eager mobs, that human wilderness?

The City has its proper perils too:

Its Hansom cabs kill more than brigands do.

Its annual list of slaughtered victims might

Set up a hero, if they fell in fight.

Such are its drawbacks: what does Babel grant

To him who will not have it, or who can't?

Its dreary round of pleasures is not graced

Either by heart, or sense, or wit, or taste.

What! see its sights? I prithee tell me, which?

Art is the housemaid of the vulgar rich.

Painters by hundreds vigorously toil,

Waste tons of paint, and miles of canvas spoil,

While critic Agnew⁴ bids some lucky Smith

Buy up the laboured commonplace of Frith.

³ Ego vel Prochytam praepono Suburae.

⁴ Mr. Agnew is an eminent picture dealer. He is not named with any purpose of satire. It is well that the Smiths have such an adviser, and some genuine artists so useful and conscientious a patron.

Or scenes from nature—nature of that sort
Where men make deserts for a selfish sport:
Pictures of moors, of horses, dogs, and deer,
The pastime of the merchant and the peer.

But since the sharpest contrast which he sees
Gives a keen zest to all his wealth and ease,
Dives hangs up, to prove his taste and name,
A painted Lazarus in a gilded frame.
So the hulk Dutchman, swoln by gain and gin,
Pictured without him what he loved within,
And smacked his heavy lips, as he surveyed
The dirty drunkards whom Ostade portrayed.
Pictures forsooth! Nine out of every ten
Are dressy girls, or pursy aldermen.
So with the rest: they suit to-day's John Bull,
Whose skull is empty, and whose pocket's full;
The Bull of swollen paunch and bullet head,
Not him who's foully housed and meanly fed.

Enough; to Liverpool, with heavy heart⁵,
I travel down to see my friend depart;
Once more perhaps to gossip on the past,
And take a fresh farewell, perhaps the last.
I find him ready, his portmanteaus packed,
Corded, directed, waterproofed, and stacked.

⁵ Sed dum tota domus, etc.

Off to the docks we go, and thence aboard
To see his cabin, see his luggage stored.

Two centuries ago, the Mersey's flood ⁶
Rolled to the sea a stream of natural mud;
Beside its banks the noisy sea-fowl screamed,
On what is now a town the shepherd dreamed,
Or, like the poets' shepherd, waked the muse—
But now the place is all alive with Jews ⁷;
The active Israelite, from Jacob's days,
Has always studied every trick that pays;
A ready reckoner and an office stool,
A ledger, a commission, and a fool,
Are all the stock in trade a Hebrew needs
To win the wealth with which the Gentile bleeds.
Hail! conquering race! 'Tis we who pay the cost
Of all those grinders which your grandsires lost.
For statesmen murder thousands at their will,
While you purvey the funds to pay the bill.
Purvey, forsooth! You lend what's not your own,
And pouch a pretty premium on the loan.

We cross to Birkenhead and view the place,
The mushroom source of England's last disgrace,

⁶ Hic ubi nocturnae, etc.

⁷ Nunc sacri fontis nemus, et delubra locantur
Judaeis, etc.

The lofty chimneys and the building yard
 Which won both wealth and eminence to Laird⁸.
 Better, far better, that the town had been
 Still left a desert, and still robed in green,
 Than that a sordid tradesman's petty aims
 Matched foolish taunts with still more foolish claims,
 Or gave importance to his mean affairs,
 And made two nations quarrel o'er his wares.

Crossing the river through the lines of smoke,
 My friend, whose forte is silence, silence broke⁹:

‘ Since honest labour finds no recompense
 ‘ In this old world of jobbing and pretence;
 ‘ Since I can neither puff nor advertise,
 ‘ Nor know the trick of telling specious lies;
 ‘ Since I have no connection with reviews¹⁰,
 ‘ And lack the skill to toady or abuse;

⁸ Mr. Laird was the builder of the Alabama. This shipbuilder said in the House of Commons, that he would rather build twenty Alabamas than set class against class, as he assumed Mr. Bright had done. The man, however, thought nothing of setting nation against nation.

⁹ *Hic tunc Umbritius, quando artibus, inquit, honestis
 Nullus in urbe locus.*

¹⁰ It is understood that there is, perhaps it is inevitable that there should be, a good deal of mutual compliment on the part of such reviewers as write books, or have friends who write them. The world has lately witnessed an extravagant illustration of this contingency.

' Since, as the critic of my dearest friend,
 ' Rather than flatter him, I would offend ;
 ' Since I have always called a knave his name,
 ' And roused the hate of those who feel no shame ;
 ' Cared for no braggart of the daily press,
 ' Heir to his father's ill-deserved success,
 ' Whose pedigree and fortunes are disclosed
 ' If a few syllables are just transposed—
 ' (A lucky printer's devil was the one :
 ' The devil's printer is the luckier son—)
 ' And since the scanty pittance which is mine
 ' Feels day by day a slow but sure decline,
 ' Is less this morning than 'twas yesterday,
 ' And wastes a little by each hour's delay ;
 ' Since, with the folly of an honest mind,
 ' I fancied gratitude not wholly blind ;
 ' Since I believed the promises I heard,
 ' And gave some credence to a statesman's word,
 ' Nor learnt the wisdom of these later days,
 ' That foes are fed on pudding, friends on praise ;—
 ' Schooled but not soured by all that I have learned,
 ' Rich in the wide experience I have earned,
 ' That distant land I seek, since fortune fails,
 ' Where once Columbus furled his tattered sails¹¹.

¹¹

proponimus illuc
 Ire, fatigatas ubi Daedalus exiit alas.

' While time has only flecked my head with snow¹²,
 ' But leaves me hands to work and feet to go,
 ' While I may reckon still that fate may give
 ' A few more years to labour in, and live,
 ' Ere age has forced my weakened frame to bow,
 ' And lean upon the staff I brandish now,
 ' I leave my fatherland; the mean and base¹³
 ' May buy my homestead, and usurp my place;
 ' That I relinquish freely to——but why
 ' Gibbet the knaves you know as well as I?
 ' Let them remain and flourish, who delight
 ' To prove that white is black and black is white;
 ' Who, trained to trade on meanness from their youth,
 ' Fawn to the power which crushes down the truth;
 ' Hire themselves out to snarl and growl and bark,
 ' And mangle reputations in the dark.
 ' Let those remain and thrive whom greed will bring
 ' For a percentage to do anything;
 ' Who like the candid Greek (I think his name
 ' Was Xenos¹⁴), feel no qualms, and show no shame;

¹² Dum nova canities, dum prima, et recta senectus.

¹³ Vivant Artorius istic

Et Catulus.

I have not attempted, as Juvenal did, to name persons.

¹⁴ Some years since a great broker, I think of this name, laid down a general rule as to business on commission. Still more startling avowals were made by the Chairman of the Stock Exchange upon Mr. Lowe's committee. Perhaps the facts cannot be helped.

'Who, if a good commission come their way,
 'Will do the dirtiest work, and earn its pay;
 'Would take a bribe to hide a banker's fraud,
 'And if they found a buyer, sell their God;
 'Win trader's profit on a nation's toil,
 'Contract for churches, or contract for soil,
 'Sell dead men's bones to mix with turnip seed,
 'Or hire a children's gang to farmer Read¹⁵;
 'Will start a floating coffin on the seas
 'And drown your sailors as a fox drowns fleas¹⁶,
 'Insure a sham, and should it serve their turn
 'To get their sordid gain, will sink or burn;
 'And thus should win, whatever else they can,
 'The heartiest scorn which man can feel for man.

'Such trades as these pick up the cent. per cent.¹⁷,
 'And push their followers into Parliament.

¹⁵ Mr. Read is merely taken as a type of the farmer. The scandals of agricultural gangs were before the writer's mind. Even now (1875) the Agricultural Children's Act is an admitted failure, and the poor pretence for the failure is that the parents want the children's wages; an excellent topic for Mr. Arch.

¹⁶ The reference is to Mr. Plimsoll's revelations. The prediction in the next couplet has been verified lately at Bremerhaven. As long as society reverences nothing but wealth there will be a perennial and increasing crop of scoundrelism.

¹⁷ et cur non omnia? cum sint
 Quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum
 Extollit, quotiens voluit Fortuna jocari.

' This honest traffic breeds the modern man,
 ' This grants him all the gifts which Fortune can,
 ' Tickets his person with the cash he's worth,
 ' And gives him charms of manners, wit, and birth.
 ' This made your Hudson's soirées a success¹⁸,
 ' Bade Wellington approve, and Samuel bless ;
 ' Through half the year he spoke the nation's will,
 ' Through all the year he made it serve his till.
 ' By gifts of scrip, by gifts of endless beer,
 ' He won the voter, and he won the peer.

' Why quarrel with the way they win their bread?
 ' Why grieve that Chance exalts the worthless head?
 ' Let Fortune jest, and make her favourites great,
 ' Advance her blacklegs to a Duke's estate :
 ' When Pope was living, England knew not how
 ' To bear one Chartres¹⁹ ; there's a legion now.

' What place is left for me? I cannot lie²⁰,
 ' Fawn on the knave, or honesty decry.

¹⁸ Hudson was a great railway speculator. He was treated with great consideration by the upper classes—while he was rich. He afterwards fell into poverty, and it is creditable to the English character that many who never flattered him when he was wealthy, assisted to put him above want when he was poor.

¹⁹ Chartres was a great rogue in Pope's days. See Pope's Third Epistle (to Lord Bathurst) and Arbuthnot's epitaph on him.

²⁰ Quid Romae faciam? mentiri nescio: librum
 Si malus est, nequeo laudare et poscere.

'If noble authors publish vapid stuff
 'I cannot offer a judicious puff—
 'Praise Derby's Homer, bless the good Argyle,
 'Extol one's scholarship and t'other's style;
 'I can't invade the realm with paper ships²¹,
 'I can't interpret the Apocalypse;
 'I cannot wield the scientific pen
 'And prove men monkeys, or prove monkeys men,
 'Flatter the pride of birth's ancestral years
 'Which Darwin tracks to apes, and Burke to peers.
 'I cannot rap for spirits, conjure, preach,
 'Purvey new fashions, and new morals teach;
 'I can't write novels of the modern sort,
 'Or cull my stories from Penzance's court²²;
 '(Small matter; lady novelists alone
 'Debauch the male sex, and depict their own;)
 'I can't invent a bond, or cook accounts,
 'Or fail in business and for huge amounts;
 'I can't be useful, for I can't be smart,
 'I've too much honour and too little art.
 'Your market price, to those who buy and sell²³,
 'Is what you know of them, not what you tell.

²¹ Popular works. The Battle of Dorking, Dame Europa's School, etc.

²² The assistance which the Divorce Court has given to lady novelists in the construction of their plots is sufficiently no'orious.

²³ Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius, et cui fervens
 Aestuat occultis animus semperque tacendis? etc.

‘Still hold your tongue, but always use your eyes,
‘The rich man’s forced to reckon with his spies;
‘See and be silent, watch, and don’t be nice;
‘No honest secret ever had a price.
‘I do not tender hints like these to you,
‘For if your heart is sound, your tongue is true;
‘Not all the gold Australia can afford,
‘Not all the wealth which makes a brand-new lord,
‘Not all the cash which Bismarck may expect,
‘Not all that Sumner claimed as indirect,
‘Would make you keep, against your natural rest,
‘A dirty secret in an anxious breast.

‘What are the means for growing rich and great²⁴?
‘Who are the men whom honest people hate?
‘Who are the folks that slyly win their place
‘By constant pushing in this eager race?
‘Who will compose, perforce, in future years
‘Your country gentleman, your house of peers?
‘Why, as I hasten from my native shore
‘Shall I not name the facts which I deplore,
‘Or tell the reason why a growing band
‘Of English hearts abjure their fatherland?
‘One talks of Jews. I would not harm a Jew,
‘Or rob him of a tittle that’s his due—

²⁴ Quae nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris, etc.

'Ticket his faith and fashions, and still less
 'Grudge him one right which you and I possess ;
 'Still I might welcome others in his place,
 'Prefer the Saxon to the Syrian race,
 'And gladly see him back in Palestine
 'With milk and honey—so it be not mine.

'Yet these are few to speak of, in the hosts
 'Of human sewage flung upon our coasts.
 'The better emigrant seeks distant lands,
 'The lower type is thrown upon our hands.
 'The Liffey to the Mersey joins its flood ;
 'The Thames is festering, rank, with German mud ;
 'The*busy Frenchman and the scheming Greek
 'Seek England's shores, and with good reason seek ;
 'Include each form of traffic in their range,
 'And make a Babel upon each Exchange.
 'They owe no duty to the land they drain,
 'They see no home where they collect their gain.
 'They're keen, because they've nothing else to do ;
 'They're shrewd, since nothing else distracts their view.
 'Thus the trained hawk his quarry best describes,
 'Who wears, when idle, blinkers on his eyes.
 'Where'er you turn, the foreigner you meet ;
 'A German band howls out in every street.

‘Hither they come in swarms which never cease;
‘Now win their spoils by war and now by peace.
‘That street whose graceful curves and lines denote
‘The Regent’s figure in the Regent’s coat,
‘With foreign shops invites the passer by
‘While foreign harlots in the Circus ply²⁵,
‘The venal nymphs, who mighty paniers wear,
‘And mightier pyramids of yellow hair.
‘Thy damsels, England, one and all confess
‘The demi-monde’s consummate taste in dress.
‘These are the simpler arts, and these alone,
‘Which virtue, youth, and beauty make their own.
‘For when the natural charm begins to fail,
‘A Rachel beautifies a Borradaile²⁶.

‘Hither from Hambro, Frankfort, Riga, Kiel²⁷,
‘From Smyrna, Scio, Athens, thousands steal;
‘From Cork, from Galway, Dublin, or Belfast,
‘Eastward or westward, here they stop at last;
‘Half London is a foreign colony,
‘Half Liverpool is now, or soon will be;
‘Each country under heaven transports its hordes,
‘Our servants now, and presently our lords;

²⁵ ad Circum jussas prostare puellas.

²⁶ Madame Rachel was a beautifier, and Mrs. Borradaile was a silly old woman who thought that she might be a victory of Madame Rachel’s art. The operators came to grief Rusticus ille tuus, etc.

²⁷ Hic alta Sicyone, ast hic Amydone relictæ. etc.

‘This one is versatile, and that is bold,
 ‘Each with his native brass wins British gold :
 ‘Your Schneider’s talk all parallel defies,
 ‘More dark than Hegel, more than Breitmann wise.

‘Who are these strangers, what do they profess?
 ‘No bushel hides the light which they possess.
 ‘What do they bring to this benighted land?
 ‘What do they not, say rather, understand?
 ‘Whatever art and science may be known,
 ‘They vow they know it, and they know alone.
 ‘Give them a chance, and trust them for the rest,
 ‘They’ll hold their own, and hold it with the best.
 ‘If heaven were worth their pains, or did it pay²⁸,
 ‘Through heaven itself these men would force their way.
 ‘But what’s more germane to their highest aims,
 ‘Some back-stairs influence puffs and puffs their claims.

‘This is the crew I fly from²⁹. Shall I see
 ‘Hybrids like these take precedence of me?
 ‘Shall these adventurers thrive, and take our place,
 ‘These men of guttural names and dubious race?—
 ‘Who six years since, before they made a noise,
 ‘Came here with Hambro sherry, hemp, and toys.

²⁸ Graeculus esuriens, in coelum jusseris, ibit.

²⁹ Horum ego non fugiam conchyliis? etc.

‘Is it no matter that such stocks as ours
‘Have been the source of all this country’s powers,
‘Have laid the broad foundations of the state,
‘Built up the nation and made England great?
‘That now, like vultures scenting out a prey,
‘These supple tradesmen hustle us away—
‘Give them their way, in every English place
‘The rarest sight will be an English face;
‘Give them their way, and then the ocean o’er
‘Self-banished, he will seek another shore.
‘Where for some time, until there’s cream to skim,
‘These keen-eyed cormorants will not follow him.

‘We quit our country, yielding to their claims,
‘And they take all, ay, even take our names.
‘Manasseh, Cohen, Levi, Israel, soon
‘Are Massey, Lewis, Raleigh, and Colquhoun.
‘But when his tongue the adopted Saxon plies,
‘The voice of Jacob breaks the thin disguise,
‘And by its nasal snuffle, to our view,
‘Betrays the patriarch and unmasks the Jew.

‘Think you that such as these would sacrifice
‘One single penny of the market price?
‘Would, if the land which makes them rich and great,
‘Ran any risk, a single farthing bate?

'Would, if it staked upon some desperate strife
 'All well-earned wealth, and every worthy life,
 'Fail to exact the profit that they might,
 'Or fancy wholesale knavery not their right?
 'Learn, from the story of unhappy France,
 'The nation's agony's the tradesman's chance.
 'Although the storm is high, the sky is dark,
 'Gambetta³⁰ strives to save the shattered bark;
 'Hope seems to smile upon his desperate feats,
 'He fails, because he's forced to trade with cheats.
 'The people gives its blood, its cash, its toil,
 'While sharp contractors carry off the spoil.

'Patriots, I know, are very dubious men,
 'Not one is honest out of every ten.
 'The cry is easy, and one cannot tell
 'Whether its crier means to buy or sell;
 'To make some profit from the stuff he says,
 'And help some folly, if he sees it pays.
 'So smashers, for their proper ends, may join
 'To aid the Mint in issuing current coin;
 'And, if no practised eye the fraud detects,
 'May furnish Tomline³¹ more than he expects.

³⁰ Gambetta, a statesman of the highest genius, courage, and prudence, is the man who has really saved France from revolution, and restored it to its place among nations.

³¹ Mr. Tomline is a gentleman who entertained, perhaps still entertains, very eccentric views on the currency.

‘But they who never let one generous thought
‘Enter the workshop where their wealth is wrought;
‘Who never occupy their heart and brain
‘With any higher end than sordid gain—
‘Enough of this, since time would not suffice
‘To illustrate the mongrel and his vice.

‘I cannot linger here, where wealth alone
‘Asserts, assumes all merit as its own.
‘Where willing lackeys, though the case is clear,
‘Condemn the poor man, but condone the peer.
‘What! dare convict my lord of any fault?
‘Belgravia shudders at the rude assault.
‘What! dare to put a noble in the dock?
‘Could those who own a Peerage stand the shock?
‘What! let a scandal on his fame be seen?
‘Nay, rather find his lordship any screen.
‘Did not the people’s William once record³²
‘That every true-born Briton loves a lord?
‘Call him to justice? Be content, be still,
‘And thank your stars he does not write your will³³.

‘I cannot linger here, my heart grows faint
‘At hopeless sorrow’s all-unnoticed plaint.

³² A name given by the Daily Telegraph to Mr. Gladstone.

³³ See the case of *Hancock v. Delacour*.

'I hear the moanings of a helpless throng—
 'Who dares to grapple with the boundless wrong?
 'Or if he dares, what prospect can he see
 'Of doing right and aiding misery?
 "'Tis madness with those customs to contend,
 'Which law allows and sycophants defend.
 "'Tis not that herds of hireling scribblers ply
 'That kind of sneer which best maintains a lie;
 'They write to order, and their master pays,
 'I scorned their censure, and I loathed their praise;
 'I did not envy them; my lowlier lot
 'Was to know what is true, and prove it not.
 'Like Paul, I sought to do so, and I must—
 'How prove it, in this region of distrust?
 'Where selfish knaves may aid, aye, win their end
 'Because men know not how to find their friend.
 'What? would he teach them? Keep them in the dark,
 'And then no skill avails to hit the mark.
 'What? Will they hear? A leader then at once—
 'Pervert his words, and prove him knave and dunce;
 'The process is effective, safe, and plain—
 'Write smartly, and the man will talk in vain³⁴.

³⁴ This passage is intended to comment on the arts by which the partisan and Stock Exchange press deals with independent politicians. It need be applied to no paper in particular, for unluckily the genus is over wide. Exactly the same objection was made to the partisan press by Lord Palmerston in 1849, and by Prince Bismarck in 1876.

‘Ere long the better strain of English blood
‘Will hurry westwards, in a rapid flood ;
‘As yet it clings to each familiar place,
‘Nor likes to quit the cradle of the race ;
‘Ere long t’will shake off hopes and shake off fears,
‘And leave its home to traders and to peers.
‘And then it may be found, when all too late,
‘That men, not rents and profit, make a state.

‘The tide of those who thither take their course
‘Is sometimes moved by will, sometimes by force.
‘Nor think the former is the modern rule,
‘The latter savours of the feudal school.
‘Eight centuries have passed since wanton might
‘Laid waste a county for a king’s delight ;
‘The curse still cleaves to either William’s name,
‘Because they drove out men, to bring in game.
‘What has been told of them, of these is true³⁵,
‘Who cleared, in gentle phrase, one country through ;
‘Banished a nation from its old abode,
‘Its rights, its memories harshly overrode.

³⁵ The clearings of Northern Scotland were accompanied by circumstances of great harshness and cruelty. Legal quibbles had given the heads of the clans full rights of property in the soil, and the landlords used these rights mercilessly. See for example M^cLeod’s Sutherlandshire Clearances.

' Debarred from robbing others, desperate grown,
 ' The Highland chieftain stooped to rob his own ;
 ' Drove out his kinsfolk for his proper greed,
 ' Contrived a desert, and defends the deed.
 ' And why? Of yore, far from their native soil
 ' Chieftain and clansmen hurried to the spoil ;
 ' The head to plan the raid, the arm to fight,
 ' Were useful in those days of dubious right ;
 ' But now the chieftain wins far greater gains
 ' Without their presence, and without their pains.
 ' Thus they who did his bidding in that day
 ' Are, in these happier times, much best away ;
 ' Since they're no use, let solitude regain,
 ' On fell and loch and hill, her ancient reign.
 ' A herd of deer bears now a higher worth
 ' Than all the Highlandmen who fought at Perth.
 ' They were, if tales are true, a gallant race,
 ' But grown superfluous, game deserves their place.
 ' Persuaded, but not harried, as of old
 ' The weary Saxon gladly gives his gold,
 ' Pays down a mighty rent, nor thinks it dear
 ' To act the Crusoe once or twice a year.
 ' On one condition is the money paid,
 ' Game must be there, and solitude be made.
 ' Agreed—the men are banished to the West,
 ' And the rich sportsman buys his lonely rest.

‘The clustered hamlet and the house of prayer,
‘Are roofless, wasted, ruined, bleak, and bare³⁶.
‘Where children played, beside the rustling stream,
‘The raven croaks his wail, the owlets scream ;
‘Where maidens gathered by the forest lake
‘The cunning fox creeps slowly through the brake.
‘High o’er the graves the grass is rank and deep,
‘And there the red deer may in quiet sleep ;
‘A thousand clansmen gathered in the glen,
‘The hill-side now can hardly muster ten ;
‘Ten, did I say? Let not a soul come near ;
‘Let nothing meet the eye, or rouse the ear ;
‘Silence alone can fill the sportsman’s bag,
‘The sight of man affrights the lordly stag.

‘Think you the victims of these bargains glance
‘With kindly eyes across the blue expanse?
‘Exiled, and settled in a distant spot,
‘Think you they dwell with meekness on their lot?
‘Or bless the power which forces them to roam
‘Far from their fathers’ graves, their fathers’ home?
‘They may forgive the chief, whom law alone
‘Permits to make another man’s his own ;
‘Will they forgive the country and the laws,
‘Which press so hardly on the peasant’s cause?

³⁶ Any person who has travelled over Scotland north of the Tay can bear witness to this result.

'Or look on you who stay, except with hate,
 'Who live the willing vassals of the great?
 'Nations collect their view from public facts,
 'And judge a people by its rulers' acts:
 'You think the better, but you choose the worse,
 'Your statesmen blunder, and you bear the curse.

'Don't be misguided by the platitude
 'Of kinship, common race, and brotherhood—
 'The men who use it, know that this and that
 'Are but the froth of after-dinner chat.
 'But would you know, if kindred nations hate,
 'What is the force which keeps them separate?
 'Look to the facts which rent the two apart,
 'Tis there the sting is, there the lasting smart;
 'No hate is like the love which wrong has changed,
 'No anger like the wrath of friends estranged.

'Perhaps you say—"What! fly from duty's call?
 '"If wrongs are wrought, do battle with them all.
 '"No honest courage ever is misplaced,
 '"No generous effort is an utter waste;
 '"Pause for a while, delay your threatened flight,
 '"And hope that fortune may defend the right.
 '"That man will always deal the heaviest blows
 '"Who never counts the number of his foes;

“Who, whether they be many or be few,
“Considers only if his aim be true ;
“Knows that his shaft, if it be duly sped,
“Will smite each brazen face, each bullet head ;
“Who treats all knaves, who treats all fools alike,
“And only watches where he best may strike ;
“The man who ventures, is the man to win ;
“The way to victory is to begin ;
“The brave, the bold, the rash alone succeed
“And many followers gather to the lead.”

‘I know it—but ’tis hard to reckon where
‘Hope yields to doubt, and doubt to blank despair ;
‘I know that hope is strong, and doubt is weak,
‘Is slow to move, and slower still to speak.
‘And, as a bankrupt fancies that he thrives,
‘That men are desperate, ere despair arrives.
‘It may be that my heart has grown too sad
‘To gather back the hopes which once it had,
‘And that I err in thinking you have reached
‘Close to that state of which the prophet preached ;
‘That prophet, who declared, with mournful tongue,
‘The woes which o’er his blinded country hung,
‘Who poured his tale into unwilling ears,
‘Who roused its anger, did not wake its fears—

“What strength can save that people, if it would,
“Which calls good, evil; and calls evil, good?”

‘You say that conquest follows him who tries;
‘But whither can I turn for my allies?
‘Few are the men who know, or have the skill
‘To do the work, far fewer have the will—
‘If one such generous thought has crossed their mind,
‘If they have dreamed of succouring mankind,
‘Think of the bribes which tempt them to betray,
‘Think of the threats which frighten them away,
‘Think of the petulance of those they aid,
‘Think them suspicious, doubtful, slow, afraid,
‘Now roused to hope, now crouching in the dust,
‘Wayward as children, but without their trust.
‘Look at the downcast glance of all the race,
‘The little light which glimmers in their face,
‘Enslaved for ages to a master’s hand
‘These landless hinds, what can they understand?

‘Ah! I forget, they comprehend at least
‘The generous prizes of the farmer’s feast³⁷.
‘Where high o’er all, the Knight of Bucks declaims,
‘Extols his friends to heaven, his foes defames,
‘Hints at the dangers which beset the realm,
‘Hints that his partisans should grasp the helm;

³⁷ This nonsensical custom is now abandoned, I believe.

‘ Hints that in him the bulwark may be seen
‘ Of Church and cottage, property and Queen;
‘ While his bluff audience, on his words intent,
‘ Applauds his terrors, grunts its gruff assent,
‘ Empties the glass, sends the decanters round,
‘ And sees the hoary peasant take his pound;
‘ The grand reward of years in labour spent,
‘ To stunted serfdom doled by bloated rent;
‘ The lifelong service which has earned the dole
‘ Has worked his body out and crushed his soul.
‘ Oh! if old Egypt’s dream were sober truth,
‘ If the dead man renewed his birth and youth,
‘ If priests still taught that beings transmigrate,
‘ Change not themselves, but only change their state;
‘ If, in that second life, each past offence
‘ Should find its doom, each wrong its recompense,
‘ The peasant well might pray, “I do not ask
‘ “That other men may work my weary task,
‘ “I bear no malice, but—just heaven, be kind!
‘ “Make me the farmer’s horse, and not his hind³⁸.”

‘ But you may say—the nation has a voice,
‘ Your House of Commons is the people’s choice;

³⁸ Since this was written, owing in great degree to the efforts of Mr. Arch and his associates, the condition of the agricultural labourer has been considerably improved.

'If wrong is done, this House can set it right,
 'If mischief's brewing, 'tis before their sight.
 'Are there not statesmen who will undertake
 'To save the nation for the nation's sake?
 'Has not the *Times* disclosed, and proved it too,
 'How little they receive, how much they do;
 'How little of the cash which you disburse,
 'Flows from the Treasury to the Member's purse?—
 'How cheap the process is which gives you law?
 'In such a senate, who can find a flaw?
 'Committees, through the day, absorb their time;
 'All night they sit "in colloquy sublime."
 'Avoid the gallery, and think you see,
 'A guardian angel, not a sharp M.P.
 'Take comfort, live in peace, be not afraid,
 'Great Britain's safe amid the great unpaid.

'Unluckily a little closer sight
 'Brings out a very different view to light;
 'Men may be salaried in many ways,
 'And taxes are not all the nation pays.
 'This senate, which you laud as wise and pure,
 'Keeps to one policy, hard, fast, and sure;
 'Upon the people lays its heavy hand,
 'Protects the landlord, and protects his land—

‘The landlord’s pleasures and the landlord’s gains,
‘These are the objects which secure their pains.
‘This is the public good, and this the right,
‘For which these patriots battle, night by night;
‘Touch one abuse, and then on either side
‘The House is crammed, each seat is occupied,
‘Each thickset squire prepares for the defence,
‘The walls resound with lumbering eloquence,—
‘Till in this mob the voice of reason’s hushed,
‘Inquiry’s stifled, and reform is crushed.

‘The House is sitting on a railway bill;
‘The forty thieves are there³⁹, the lobbies fill,
‘Lynx-eyed and bland, the great director speaks:
‘“The public good alone” (he says) he seeks;
‘Cool business men prolong the sharp debate,
‘Selected facts, selected figures state,
‘And prove, with practised shrewdness, that the plan
‘Can do no earthly good to mortal man,
‘While its promoters argue that it would,
‘At little cost, confer the greatest good.
‘Think you that when they strive to get their Acts,
‘Motives like these are stanch and sober facts?
‘Think you they argue for the nation’s ends?
‘Their only thought is—larger dividends.

³⁹ The sobriquet by which the railway party goes in the House of Commons.

‘ He who would win its ear, its passions rouse
 ‘ Learns to address the pockets of the House.

‘ Again, should things of high import demand
 ‘ Its careful scrutiny, its vigorous hand,
 ‘ Should England’s duty to the Indian race ⁴⁰
 ‘ (India, at once our glory and disgrace)
 ‘ Require its close attention, task its powers,
 ‘ Exact a fragment of its business hours,
 ‘ Pray that its parties lay upon the shelf
 ‘ Just for a little time, all thoughts of self;
 ‘ Vain is the summons, useless is the prayer,
 ‘ The House grows languid, and its benches bare,
 ‘ The members yawn, and sleep; or wake, and shout,
 ‘ Till the kind whip allows them to count out.
 ‘ Or should the scattered sons of England’s name
 ‘ Within whose future lies her boast—and shame,
 ‘ Tell her that what they seek, and long have sought
 ‘ Is—how to knit the cord that’s strongly wrought,
 ‘ Bid her discard, and prove that she is wise,
 ‘ The bond which chafes, and find the bond which ties,
 ‘ Puzzled and weary at the strange request
 ‘ Your statesmen mutter; that which is, is best.
 ‘ Postpone the question with a courteous scoff,
 ‘ And for the present put the future off.

⁴⁰ The management of Indian affairs has greatly improved of late years. But there is a very languid interest in Indian finance.

‘For things like these the House will never care,
‘Unless it wishes to condone an Eyre⁴¹.
‘How can a nation e’er be good and great
‘Which always slumbers on a life estate?

‘Those senators, whose patriot purity
‘The *Times* comments on, but I fail to see,
‘Seek to exclude, and do not vainly seek,
‘The men who know the truth, and dare to speak;
‘Force all to enter by a golden gate;
‘Force all to buy the right to legislate.
‘As long as wealth alone can win the seat,
‘They fear no danger, counsel no retreat,
‘Enact, for their own gain, the Nation’s laws,
‘And, through the people, wreck the people’s cause.
‘This is an age of commerce, we are told,
‘A seat that’s bought, believe me, will be sold.
‘’Tis an investment, and the money spent
‘May bring, in annual interest, cent. per cent.

‘Divide and rule,—so said the ancient sage,
‘Maintain the Parties, says the present age.

⁴¹ Governor Eyre, whose friends say that he saved Jamaica; whose critics, that he got rid of the chief of the opposition to his government by hanging him illegally, and then procuring a bill of indemnity from the colonial legislature.

'Keep up the see-saw, give each side a chance,
 'The game is nothing but a country dance'⁴²,
 'Russell and Cavendish now lead the throng,
 'Then Lennox comes, comes Hamilton along;
 'The circle always ends where it begins,
 'The Outs are always waiting on the Ins.
 'So, when the drover, resting for the night,
 'Fears lest his beasts may wander out of sight,
 'He tries the plan, and never finds it fail,
 'Of tying pairs together, head and tail,
 'Where, if the parts are only firmly bound,
 'Onward or backward struggles twist them round.

'Stirred by the clamour of fictitious zeal,
 'The public fancies that the change is real.
 'Misled by watchwords, claptrap, names, and cries,
 'It can't detect the truth in the disguise;
 'Gulled by the clever actor, who declares
 'That he will save it from a rival's snares,
 'It does not see that party quarrels mean
 'Unbroken friendliness—behind the scene;
 'Or that these hustings foes are friends at home,
 'And laugh, as augurs did, in classic Rome'⁴³,

⁴² This is the substance of Lord Hartington's advice to the Liberal party at present (1875). The satire was written in 1873.

⁴³ Classic, because a type for modern practice. Cicero wondered that augurs did not laugh when they met each other.

‘Who when they met, the gainful fraud confessed
‘And made their public craft a private jest.
‘I might find many proofs, but what’s the need?
‘The facts are patent, he who runs may read.

‘Dim as their jargon is, they make this clear:
‘That though they won’t do right, they yield to fear.
‘If you are patient, wrong will never cease.
‘D’ye want a remedy—then break the peace.
‘What made them leave their henchmen in the lurch,
‘Their ancient garrison, the Irish Church?
‘What made them grant the claim of tenant right?
‘Did justice change their sentiments, or fright?
‘Beales and his followers took the Park by storm,—
‘The broken railings hurried on Reform⁴⁴.
‘Ill fares that State whose Government consents
‘To move,—but only after violence.
‘Do they deserve the nation’s will to wield
‘Who meanly bluster and who meanly yield?
‘Who, while ’tis safe, are resolute and bold,
‘But, forced to face a fact, can only scold?

‘Your wandering orator, your Odger, Arch⁴⁵,
‘Are but the buckram leaders in the march.

⁴⁴ Mr. Beales was president of the Reform League. When the police, under government orders (proved to have been illegal), tried to stop meetings in the Parks, the crowd broke down the railings (July 23, 1866).

⁴⁵ Mr. Odger has long been an active partisan among the working classes. Mr. Arch had just begun to be conspicuous when these lines were written.

'The man who goads the will, and fires the blood,
 'Collects the torrent, and provokes the flood,
 'Is he who threatens, sulks, rejects, defies,
 'Till grudging prudence gives what pride denies.
 'He is a demagogue, who folds his hands
 'Till clamour forces all that it demands;
 'He is a demagogue, who says, "The change,
 '"Though right, is not within the present's range"⁴⁶,
 'Admits the justice of some urgent claim,
 'But will not aid it till it suits his game;
 'Who still declines to feel the people's pulse
 'Till wrath may rouse or discontent convulse;
 'Or seeks to compromise, and so delay
 'The present struggle to some future day—
 'A compromise—the thing is understood
 'To mean that two plain wrongs make one plain good.

'What is a statesman? He who can impart
 'The honest counsel of an honest heart;
 'Who never strives to trick out what he says
 'By empty rhetoric and unmeaning phrase;
 'Whom no man scorns, because the words he speaks,
 'Straight to the purpose, prove what 'tis he seeks;

⁴⁶ This unfortunate doctrine, that public questions are not to be contemplated by Government until they are within the range of 'practical politics,' was, more unhappily, formulated by Mr. Gladstone. It will be obvious that such a view of the situation irritates equally those who desire, and those who resist a change, because it suggests or threatens agitation.

‘Who need not doubt, because he never fears
‘The sharpest eyes, nor heeds the silliest ears;
‘Who cares to make the nation opulent,
‘To make it free, to make it more—content.
‘This man you ought to honour, this to trust,
‘And when I say you ought, I mean, you must.

‘Must—for this fact is now made manifest:
‘In the great race, that nation keeps abreast
‘Whose people know their country is their own,
‘Where wealth is general, misery hardly known;
‘Where those who have the land are those who till—
‘No trembling tenants to another’s will;
‘Where, rooted to the soil, the people grows,
‘And as one man, sees friends as well as foes;
‘Where men may live upon their fatherland,
‘Live in one mind, live with one heart and hand,
‘And see in those who quit their native place
‘The bounteous harvest of a fruitful race:
‘Where men are ready, resolute and brave,
‘As men will be who have their own to save;
‘Whom idle dreams of glory cannot make
‘The witless gamblers of a single stake,
‘On whom, if fortune frowns, the cross is theirs,
But if she smiles, the crown another wears.

‘ You sweep your soldiers up by other ways,
 ‘ You crimp your hirelings from your waifs and strays.
 ‘ Your great men fear, and with no little sense,
 ‘ To trust the nation with its own defence.

‘ Does what I say need proof, and should I show
 ‘ That what I state is fact and must be so?
 ‘ If in some bitter feud, some ancient strife,
 ‘ The nation’s forced to risk its very life,
 ‘ It need not fear the perils it may run
 ‘ If the whole people’s armed ; its force is one :
 ‘ But armed and one it cannot be until
 ‘ A common justice moves a common will,
 ‘ Till each man knows and sees that when he fights
 ‘ The battle’s brunt will vindicate *his* rights.
 ‘ The hireling sells his blood, the freeman gives ;
 ‘ That is a tool, but this both thinks and lives.

‘ Maddened by wrong, by fear made desperate,
 ‘ Remembering centuries of smothered hate,
 ‘ Goaded by terror, terror which suspects
 ‘ A thousandfold the danger it detects,
 ‘ Which, ever brooding, fancies that it spies
 ‘ The prowling traitor in the friend’s disguise ;
 ‘ Hurried along, as by a torrent’s flood,
 ‘ France bathed her freedom in her children’s blood.

‘But in her agony, when Brunswick spoke,
‘And bade her wear anew the broken yoke,
‘Take back the rulers which she once had spurned—
‘Then with one fire the nation’s spirit burned,
‘And the new lords of France, her serfs before,
‘Resistless conquerors now, sped Europe o’er,
‘Till an ignoble master bought their swords
‘And changed these freedmen into brigand hordes,
‘Made that a spectre which at first began
‘To lift the dawning light of hope to man;
‘Made that a terror where our fathers saw
‘The coming reign of right and equal law,
‘And on the gulled, besotted nation brought
‘The mischief which his mad ambition wrought.

‘When vanquished upon Jena’s fatal field
‘Prussia was forced her very self to yield;
‘When serf and king and noble were enslaved;
‘What roused the nation’s life, the nation saved?
‘’Twas not the memory of Frederic’s drill,
‘’Twas not the heroine queen’s undaunted will,
‘’Twas not the monarch and his right divine;
‘Two men restored her, Hardenberg and Stein,
‘Armed with a deathless courage every hand
‘And made each home a fortress of the land.

‘ Lord of a thousand tribes, a realm whose span
 ‘ Ranges in length from Prussia to Japan,
 ‘ And from the Euxine to the Arctic main,
 ‘ Includes the frozen sea and boundless plain,
 ‘ Prince of a church, whose mission’s to debase
 ‘ The heart, the life, the spirit of the race ;
 ‘ A prince, before whose glance men quailed in dread,
 ‘ And the proud noble bent the cowering head ;
 ‘ Whose power was girdled round by helpless awe,
 ‘ Whose wish was absolute, whose will was law ;
 ‘ A prince whose iron mood and reaching hand
 ‘ Few men dared counsel, no man dared withstand ;
 ‘ Whose million soldiers, watching for his nod,
 ‘ Dreamed when they served him, that they worshipped
 ‘ God ;
 ‘ Whose giant frame, whose patient, vigorous mind,
 ‘ Gave warrant for his place among mankind ;
 ‘ Who always reckoned life at little cost,
 ‘ And knew no mercy when his will was crossed ;
 ‘ Who ruled unnumbered slaves, and ruling, knew
 ‘ That every slave was loyal, faithful, true ;
 ‘ This man was thought resistless ; to his power
 ‘ The stricken nations learnt to cringe and cower ;
 ‘ And yet the sword which, waiting his command,
 ‘ Forged by his craft, and wielded by his hand,
 ‘ Gleamed like a meteor through the Eastern sky,
 ‘ Which seemed so distant, and was felt so nigh,

‘Alike a terror to his friend and foe,
‘Brittle as ice, was shattered at a blow.

‘Thus could I show, did time permit to speak,
‘Why Austria fought, and why her arm was weak;
‘Thus, why the meaner Bonaparte fell,
‘And wrecked the realm which trusted him too well.
‘But this at least experience has discerned,
‘This truth established, and this lesson learned:—
‘That game of war which despots undertake
‘Wagers their all upon a single stake;
‘If they must battle, like should fight with like;
‘With freemen they may bluster, never strike.
‘And next, that soldier’s stanch, and he alone
‘Who fights in order to protect his own.
‘A man may kill a bee upon the wing,
‘A thousand bees, and never feel a sting,
‘But let him thrust his hand into the hive,
‘And he may find the swarm is—all alive.
‘You know, no doubt, what party ’tis secures
‘The store of honey in that hive of yours,
‘Who drone, who work, and, most important thing,
‘That they who own no honey, have no sting.
‘And, may be, find, before it be too late,
‘What makes a nation, and what mars a state.

' If as you ponder on the ills you see,
 ' The grip of greed, the wrath of misery ;
 ' If as you count the force on either side,
 ' The rage which frets against the hand of pride,
 ' And as you watch the mischief, it may seem
 ' Your Church can heal it ; scout the idle dream.
 ' Time was when they who preached could rouse the soul,
 ' And make the tide of misery backward roll ;
 ' Time was when men were dough, and words were leaven,
 ' And when the voice appeared to come from heaven ;
 ' When his strange message the bold preacher brought,
 ' And staked his life upon the truth he taught ;
 ' When, meditating on his sacred page,
 ' He woke the slumbering spirit of his age ;
 ' When, seeking anxious hearts and greedy ears,
 ' He stirred their anger or dispelled their fears ;
 ' Telling his moving tale to every sense,
 ' The tale of sorrow, wrong, and recompense—
 ' Of how God's arm was bared to ease their grief,
 ' Of how His spirit aided their relief,
 ' Of how the enemy must turn and fly
 ' Before the strong right hand and kindled eye ;
 ' Of how men fought for God in ancient days,
 ' And having won their battle, sang his praise ;
 ' Or, if their sorrows found no mortal friend,
 ' God's self would give them vengeance in the end—

‘Preachers like these have, in life’s darkest hour,
‘Given men new hopes, and made their church a power.

‘What is the union of your Church and State?
‘Your priests are mostly lackeys of the great.
‘Your bishop is a prince, a lord, a peer,
‘A man of several thousand pounds a year,
‘Whom kindly Providence permits to hive
‘A copious family, and make it thrive.
‘Chosen to fill his see on no pretence
‘Of courage, foresight, learning, eloquence⁴⁷;
‘A schoolmaster, an ignorant cadet,
‘A priest with kinsfolk near the cabinet,
‘A pompous don, of kindly, stupid face,
‘These, Paul and Peter! occupy your place.
‘There, though we miss the groaning voice of Trench,
‘One Irish howl still issues from the bench.

‘To the dry bones of dogma can they give
‘The prophet’s power, Be clothed with flesh and live?
‘Can they perform the work which has been done,
‘Revive the nation’s faith, and make it one?
‘Can they do that which Knox and Melville did,
‘And make the people follow as they bid;

⁴⁷ Perhaps this is mended to some extent lately. But Bishop Wordsworth is doing his best to prove the reverse of Pope’s statement—

‘A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.’

'Lay down a polity, enact its laws,
 'And win all hearts to struggle for that cause?
 'Of course not; and they know it. Scarce a word
 'For justice, right, and truth is ever heard
 'From that Right Reverend Bench, on whose soft perch
 'Roosts the fine linen of the English Church.
 'They know it; grateful Ellicott displays
 'The saintly gifts for which the nation pays,
 'When, raising up his apostolic hand,
 'He spoke in scorn of those who own no land,
 'Blessed the good food, consigned the poor to God,
 'And mindful of the child, spared not the rod;
 'Bade the bluff farmers try the good old rule,
 'And duck their critics in the nearest pool⁴⁸;—
 'Those evil men, who seek to cut the knot
 'Which ties the peasant to his wretched lot:
 'Such speeches, if that peasant ever sees,
 'How must he bless that prelate, on his knees,
 'And thank the destiny which lets him live
 'Where farmers hear the advice that bishops give.

⁴⁸ Perhaps Bishop Ellicott's advice to the farmers as to the manner in which the advocates of increased wages to the farm labourer should be treated by the farmers, is the most singular utterance ever made by a prelate from the days of Cyril to our own. The Bishop has since spoken of it as a jest. Well, practical jokes, it may be supposed, are jokes still, but every person of sense forms the same opinion as to their brutality and offensiveness.

' Within those walls, inside whose sombre shade
 ' The best and meanest of your dead are laid ;
 ' Where good and bad are crowded in one spot,
 ' Where marble lies, and man believes it not ⁴⁹ ;
 ' Whence Cromwell, once a king in all but name,
 ' Buried in pomp, was tossed away in shame :
 ' In Oxford, where if wisdom be the dress,
 ' With which man clothes his native nakedness,
 ' Bare as their savage sires, but not ashamed,
 ' Successive bigots have in turn declaimed ⁵⁰ :
 ' In the prim kirk, where all that meets the view
 ' Is the vast pulpit and primeval pew :
 ' Chanting an eclogue for a homily
 ' Dean Stanley pipes of peace and amity ⁵¹ ;
 ' Ignores all creeds, demands but one assent,
 ' Maintains no tenet but the Establishment ;
 ' Welcomes each zealot with a gracious smile—
 ' Pusey, Colenso, Bennett, Voysey, Ryle ⁵² ;

⁴⁹ The irreconcilable difference between monumental virtues and their substantive reality has been, and will be, the theme of the satirist.

⁵⁰ This is historical, not a criticism of the present time. Oxford sermons are generally very dull, but seldom truculent.

⁵¹ This passage and the following verses do not intend to cast a moment's doubt on Dean Stanley's sincerity. Still less do they censure the genuine liberality and charity of the Dean's mind and heart. They merely refer to the theory, which no doubt he honestly entertains, that the existence of the Establishment is a guarantee against sectarian bigotry.

⁵² Leaders of 'theological' schools.

' Bids them avoid each others' throats, and be
 ' That work of art, "a happy family";
 ' Bids them relinquish all sectarian rage,
 ' Endure each other, but adore the cage;
 ' Bids them no longer snap and snarl and bark,
 ' But make the English Church like Noah's ark;
 ' Where all were safe, and where the patriarch stored
 ' Good food and plenty for the beasts on board,
 ' Clean and unclean, gave every one his dole,
 ' And kept them strong and sound and sleek and whole.
 " Think as you please—the deluge is outside;
 " Let others battle with the roaring tide.
 " Your business only is, to save your skin,
 " And your best policy, to keep within.
 " What though the craft be crazy? She may last.
 " Have every stitch of sail in by the mast;
 " Don't rouse the notice of the angry storm
 " By any rag of dogma, creed, or form;
 " Of charity and comprehension preach.
 " Your aim must be to win and not to teach;
 " By art, by music, seek to gain assent,
 " Be learned, vague, descriptive, eloquent.
 " Some men, as Rainey is, are over nice⁵³.
 " Our motto runs—For peace at any price.

⁵³ Dr. Rainey, a Scotch divine, attacked Dr. Stanley's comprehension theories in certain vigorous pamphlets soon after the Dean had uttered his opinions in the pulpits of the Scotch Establishment.

“A church as broad as this is should and can
“Win to its interest every prudent man;
“And if some grumbling cynic should be near
“Who asks, *Cui bono?* whisper in his ear,
“’Tis a police, which at the worst will keep
“Some people quiet, and will do it cheap.”

‘So pipes your Stanley, but he pipes in vain.
‘Another sings in quite a different strain;
‘Here mumbling out his histrionic mass,
‘His rival chants, here “ass intones to ass⁵⁴”;
‘Sets up, with folly which is half sublime,
‘The withered fetish of a bygone time;
‘States that the priest alone can loose or lock
‘Who proves his pedigree from Peter’s stock;
‘Curses without remorse, or stint, or doubt,
‘All who don’t make the thousand quarterings out;
‘And fancying Paradise a strict entail,
‘Grants hope to those whose lineage does not fail;
‘Of course asserts that he can ban and bless,
‘Give, or withhold, eternal happiness.
‘I grant him pious, charitable, chaste,
‘Were he a woman I might grant him taste;
‘But that this worship of the past should give
‘One worthy aim for which to work or live;

⁵⁴ The Dunciad, Book ii. line 253.

'Or fancy seek that empire to renew
 'Which the strong Saxon smote and overthrew⁵⁵;
 'That gewgaws such as these should ever be
 'Anything but a refuge from ennui;
 'That monks can save the world, or ever could,
 'That anchorites and fakirs do you good,—
 'Is to bring Buddha back before your gaze.
 'Men do not eat the lotus in our days.

'Since then your State, your Senate, and your Laws
 'Harass the poor man and the poor man's cause,
 'And since no tyranny provokes more hate,
 'None makes the coming strife more desperate,
 'Than that which grinds the weak but aids the strong,
 'And through the forms of right does constant wrong:
 'Since the priest plies, and with successful pains,
 'His proper craft of rivetting the chains,
 'Abandons that of which his Master spoke,
 'Looses no band, breaks no oppressor's yoke,
 'Nor, preaching justice, mercy, duty, right,
 'Makes the deaf hear, and gives the blind their sight;
 'Since that which ought to raise the soul of man
 'Strives to enslave and crush it, if it can;

⁵⁵ Luther. But I believe that the modern Ritualist considers the Saxon to have been an heresiarch.

' Since neither Church nor State afford you aid,
 ' (The Head is empty, and the Heart's afraid);
 ' Since they who could do something, did they please,
 ' Live for the day which gives them wealth and ease;
 ' Since politicians box the compass round,
 ' And all professions have a hollow sound;
 ' Since princes choose a pigeon for their aim ⁵⁶,
 ' Or, at the best, attend a drive of game;
 ' Since in this noise, and heat, and din, and crush,
 ' Henley anticipates "an ugly rush" ⁵⁷,
 ' Perhaps it may be thought you could discern
 ' One other means by which to serve your turn,
 ' And while these natural forces all confess
 ' Are grown too weak, too sordid, try the Press.

' If you believe that voice is talking still
 ' Out of an honest heart and fervid will,
 ' As when men spoke their thought, and when their word
 ' Sounded like thunder, and the people heard;
 ' If you conceive that in these latter days
 ' There burns one flicker of that ancient blaze,
 ' When like a beacon on each lofty height
 ' Each nobler spirit caught and gave the light ⁵⁸;

⁵⁶ The Hurlingham Club, sometimes called the Tournament of Doves. But the Prince has since, so the papers say, killed a pig.

⁵⁷ Mr. Henley, the bluff and straightforward Tory member for Oxfordshire, prognosticated 'an ugly rush' some years ago.

⁵⁸ Perhaps one notable exception which can be made to this censure is

' If you imagine that the hackney's pen
 ' Can win its wages, and win also men,
 ' Or that these sightless leaders of the blind
 ' Can keep the trust, or gain it, of mankind,
 ' Dismiss the fancy, scout the idle dream,
 ' And learn that things exist not as they seem.
 ' I grant that even at the present hour,
 ' The faded echo vaunts its former power;
 ' But just as trembling savages adore
 ' The fetish worshipped by your sires of yore,
 ' So though your fourth estate affects to rule,
 ' Its bluster only serves to scare the fool.

' Distrust the moral that it fain would tell:
 ' It does not write to teach—it writes to sell.
 ' Who cares to meditate upon the news
 ' Of brisk Bohemians in the pay of Jews?
 ' Or look, except in horror, at the rate
 ' With which these creatures crawl upon the great?

the unanimity with which the respectable part of the press has attacked the slavery circulars of the Foreign Office. Alas! some years ago I was forced to write

' Distrust all titles, names, traditions, looks,
 See! *Punch* grows Tory under Shirley Brookes.'

Mr. Brookes, however, was ready enough to acknowledge himself in the wrong. He had the goodness to send me, before it was published, his noble palinode on President Lincoln.

'Let Derby learn a solemn speech by heart
 ' (The only use to which he puts the part)⁵⁹,
 'Quote commonplaces with a sullen look,
 'And talk a good boy's well-ruled copy-book;
 '"How wise! how deep! how true!" your papers say:
 '"Behold the statesman of the future day!
 '"Here let us all our differences sink,
 '"Accept the teacher—catch the missing link.
 '"Here Whig and Tory prudently combine,
 '"Freedom and order deftly intertwine."

'Trust me, a nation's teachers never stoop
 'To act the sycophant, to catch the dupe;
 'Nor would they, if they held their vaunted power,
 'Retail the gossip of the passing hour;
 'Nor in a sea of soft sensation splash,
 'Nor vend a racing prophet's slangy trash,
 'Nor scribble Cockney talk of fells and streams,
 'Nor dribble science, and its airy dreams,
 'Nor twaddle on the marriage of a peer,
 'Nor meet stern anger with a clever sneer,
 'Nor always wait upon 'the upper ten,'
 'Nor write 'as gentlemen for gentlemen,'

⁵⁹ I acknowledge to having had in my mind the excellent epigram of Samuel Rogers:—

'Ward has no heart, folks say, but I deny it,
 He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.'

'Nor chatter to a city of the dead,
 'And never touch one heart, or teach one head.
 'Give me a man that loves, a man that hates,
 'And I may think he means the thing he states;
 'What leisure or what patience serves to heed
 'The idle chat which languid quidnuncs read?

'In this, the dullest epoch of your race,
 'Letters have occupied the lowest place.
 'Your publishers aver:—No book is bought
 'Which tasks attention, or which wakens thought;
 'Sense is a drug, learning is voted slow,
 'For novels are the staple of the Row.
 'Here Lytton has made villainy sublime,
 'Aye, and demanded sympathy for crime;
 'Here Trollope draws interminable lives,
 'Of country parsons and of bishops' wives;
 'Here Disraeli lavished, in Lothair,
 'Aladdin's wealth upon his wedded pair.
 'These are the men that write; your modest verse,
 'Can only say the women are far worse;
 'Who find one theme a never failing source,
 'Of plot, of scene, of passion, of discourse;
 'Whose candid, artless characters display,
 'Why they were frail, and why they went astray;

' And by their open tale of fervid truth,
 ' Assist the morals of your British youth—
 ' Upon these nudities, quick, sharp, and true,
 ' Lay on thy knout, thou Saturday Review⁶⁰!

' Like knotted whipcord in an age of silk,
 ' Like aquafortis in an age of milk;
 ' Still may it deftly ply its proper art,
 ' Aim at the sore, or cauterise the part;
 ' Nor let its critics, resting from the fight,
 ' Like Homer's heroes, cease to smash and smite,
 ' Withhold their vitriol from the general crew,
 ' And squirt their golden syrup on the few;
 ' Nor, like reviewers in the good old days,
 ' Distribute reciprocities of praise;
 ' Nor, scarcely sheltered by a paper screen,
 ' Should blustering Freeman butter blundering Green⁶¹.

' Your poets, teachers of mankind before,
 ' Through idle ears voluptuous ditties pour,

⁶⁰ The Saturday Review has done no little service in exposing the tendencies of many modern novels.

⁶¹ Mr. Green's Short History of the English People is a work the real merits of which are disfigured, if not destroyed by the amazing number of errors in fact which the volume contains. The extraordinary laudations which have been bestowed upon the work by writers of history is either proof that they are very incompetent to give an opinion, or is an additional illustration of the worthlessness of testimonials, particularly those of authors to a reviewer.

'The muse of Tennyson, sublime, supreme,
 'Upstarting from a sea of clotted cream,
 'In polished verse drones out the lengthened song
 'Of Arthur's table and its maundering throng;
 'And, just to prove that goddesses grow old,
 'Is one third prophetess, and two thirds scold.
 'While the slab fountain from which Swinburne's rose⁶²,
 'Is wholly different to one's eyes—and nose.
 'Arnold's Castalia, swelling to its brim,
 'Could scarce afford a minnow room to swim
 'So thin its stream is, and so slight its force,
 'Clear though its waters be, and pure its source.
 'The Paradise which Morris loves to paint
 'Confirms the sinner, and allures the saint.
 'What need to try your patience, waste your time,
 'With the small fry which babble on in rhyme?
 'Browning I might admire, if I could guess
 'The meaning of the words he sends to press;
 'I read it forwards, and am never sure;
 'But backwards, 'tis a little less obscure.

'Well, poets are but painted butterflies;
 'Each pretty creature flits its day, and dies.
 'Some last a little longer, and are set,
 'Glistening and gilded, in a cabinet;

⁶² Mr. Swinburne's later poetry is an improvement, in the particular referred to, on the old.

‘Where, sleeping beauties of a bygone age,
‘The dunce who owns them rarely cuts a page.

‘What shall I say of those who write or prate
‘Of social science and your social state,
‘Who draw dark pictures of the ills they see,
‘And talk the cant of cheap philanthropy;
‘Who rave about the griefs which men endure,
‘But never venture to disclose the cure;
‘Who never touch the vices of your laws,
‘Who never probe the sore, nor show its cause;
‘Who either do not know, or will not see,
‘Since mischief works, the mischief’s remedy;
‘Who tell the world the thing it sadly knows,
‘Its ceaseless sorrows and its helpless throes;
‘Who deal in sentiment, but never seek
‘How to chastise the spoiler, aid the weak?
‘The Priest and Levite look, and turn aside,
‘The scorn they feel they do not care to hide;
‘The poor Samaritan does all he can,
‘Stoops to assist and heal the wounded man—
‘Those creatures whine a dirge, and scold apace,
‘And tell the story of the mournful case;
‘But touch and tend him, and their fingers soil?
‘No; better save their twopence, wine and oil.

‘What earthly benefit do they afford
To Gnix’s baby, and to Bantam’s lord,
‘Who never strive to place before your view
‘Why Ginx’s baby is, and Bantam too?

‘Can Science help the wrong and hate of life?
‘Counsel their cure, or still their ceaseless strife?
‘What is its work? Does patient virtue owe
‘Her thanks to what is neither friend nor foe?
‘To that self-righteous epicure of facts
‘Which loves not, hates not, thwarts not, nor attracts?
‘Or can the scalpel and the microscope
‘Quell human wrath or waken human hope,
‘Win glad assent, evoke a living cause
‘From cold negations, or from colder laws,
‘Which, by reflected light, the warmth impart
‘That Salisbury⁶³ feels—and pardons in his heart.

‘Of this be sure, if, dwelling side by side,
‘Two races live, one swoln with wealth and pride,
‘Tossing itself in idle, careless guise;
‘The other watching all with angry eyes,
‘Impatient at the life its toil sustains,
‘And counting up its neighbour’s easy gains;

⁶³ Lord Salisbury appears to dislike his fellow creatures and admire Physical Science with equal fervour.

‘Then scheming wildly for some perfect plan
‘On which to build a brotherhood of man;
‘And groping slowly for the needful skill,
‘With nothing for its end, except the will;
‘In such a case, believe me, danger lurks,
‘And if it be a mischief, mischief works.

‘But since the teachers in whose words you trust
‘Know nothing of what lies beneath the crust,
‘Like Bacon or Montaigne, I’ll tell in rhyme
‘The hidden wisdom of an ancient time.

‘On Enna’s plains the child of Ceres walked,
‘Picked up the flowers, and danced, and sang, and talked;
‘Her smart attendants, like your modern press,
‘Told of Olympus, scandal, fashion, dress;
‘How many foxes Artemis had killed,
‘How big a bag had Sir Actaeon filled;
‘How Phaethon had plunged, and come to grief,
‘And Hermes was, from whim alone, a thief;
‘How Plutus had just bought a handsome place,
‘And Venus had incurred some fresh disgrace;
‘How sweet the idylls were which Phoebus wrote,
‘And Neptune’s yacht! the prettiest afloat;
‘And how Miss Pallas, with some other frights,
‘Was always lecturing on woman’s rights;

'And how Prometheus too, had taken pains
 'To educate the peasant's muddy brains,
 'Stirred him to put himself on his defence,
 'And thus dispute his lord's omnipotence;
 'And how two augurs, nominees of Zeus,
 'Poured on the meddling wretch their best abuse;
 'And how the vultures of the Olympian cause
 'Tore at him, day and night, with beak and claws;
 'What was the price of Vulcan's iron then,
 'What coals per ton, and what he paid his men;
 'What in the prospect of the Titans' wars
 'Might satisfy the vested rights of Mars,
 'Make him exchange into the home brigade,
 'And quit his place for those who know the trade;
 'And not to run that ancient peerage through,
 'What 'twas they thought, and what they liked to do⁶³.
 'When all were careless, suddenly there came
 'The grimmest gentleman whom tongue can name,
 'Routed the pretty conclave then and there,
 'And sent the landed interest—you know where.

'Much have I said, but more remains behind;
 'Aye, further matters of a weightier kind;
 'The gathered sorrows of an angry heart——
 'But hark! the bell is ringing, we must part.

⁶³ I must leave my reader to guess antitypes for these gods and goddesses.

‘Farewell! remember me; and should you care⁶⁴
‘To cross, and seek me in my distant lair,
‘I’ll meet you, if you wish, half way at least⁶⁵
‘Where the full west receives the hungry east.
‘’Twill not be long, I hope, before you use
‘One western settler’s welcome, and his news.’

⁶⁴ Sed mihi commota jamdudum mulio virga
Innuit: ergo vale memor nostri.

⁶⁵ satirarum ego ni pudet illas
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in agros.

JUVENAL.

Satire XIII.

[In the original satire Juvenal offers various topics of consolation to a friend who had been swindled by one in whom he had placed confidence. The modern parallel to this incident is to be found in the loans, companies, and similar undertakings promoted by the clever and accepted by the unwary. The complaints of the sufferer to whom this satire is addressed arise from his having been the victim to one of these projects.]

TO W. W., ESQ.

THE man who, striving for some evil aim¹,
Knows what ensues if others seek the same,
And that his crime, if once detected, must
Turn confidence to hatred or distrust,
However large the stake which he may win,
Must loathe the self which urged him to the sin,
Must judge the deed, and having judged it, say
What justice would, if justice had its way ;

¹ Exemplo quodcunque malo committitur, ipsi
Displicet auctori.

This penalty his conscience will exact,
Through generous Brett give sentence on the fact ².

What do you think, my friend, must be our sense ³
About this fraud upon your confidence,
This swindle, shrouded by such cunning lies,
As might delude the caution of the wise?
Well, it is this—the loss which you deplore
Takes, after all, a portion from your store;
You are not ruined, and your grief is not
So very different from the common lot.
Each one's experience could not fail to trace,
With little trouble, such another case;
All sorrow should be bounded by the laws
Of man's discretion, and its proper cause;
You will be never able to endure
The little ills which fortitude can cure,
If you are furious at the cheat who reft
One thousand from the thousands which are left.
A sixtieth winter sees you stout and hale ⁴,
And are you startled by a thrice-told tale?
Does the long lesson of experience give
No better rule by which to learn and live?

² improba quamvis

Gratia fallaci Praetoris vicerit urna.

Mr. Justice Brett is known for his severity and—his leniency.

³ Quid sentire putes, etc.

⁴ stupet haec qui jam post terga reliquit
Sexaginta annos.

You know, of course, the adage of the sage,
 'Wisdom can wholly vanquish fortune's rage⁵.'
 Who are the happy? They who have the skill
 To bear with patience every human ill,
 And, taught by what they suffer, to refrain
 From putting on themselves a needless pain.

Is there a day so calm, so bright, so cool,
 As not to gender many a knave and fool;
 Does Bow Street ever fail in cheat or thief?
 Do Sleigh and Lewis ever lack a brief?
 Or, at the Mansion House does my Lord Mayor
 Find that his function is an easy chair?
 Are bulls and bears a fiction and a phrase,
 Survivals of the frauds of former days?
 Is the great art of swindling raw, or ripe?
 Is Collie an exception or a type?
 A century since, and in the good old days,
 When modest wealth was gained in honest ways,
 The genius which disdained to work and save,
 Turned sweater, forger, footpad—blundering knave;
 And when a few short years of crime were past,
 Grim Tyburn finished off the fool at last.
 At present wits like these need never range
 Beyond the practice of the Stock Exchange,

⁵ *Victrix fortunæ sapientia.*

Create sham shares, next bull, then bear the whole,
And safely earn the wealth their fathers stole.
The older method was a trifle coarse,
This is an art, in better form than force,
The progress of mankind is manifest,
Take one example, and affirm the rest.

Two centuries ago it was believed⁷
That every Campbell, as the Scotch say, reived,
(Another verb would fairly serve my rhyme,
Perhaps was freely used in former time,)
And ere Sir Walter Scott disguised the facts,
Often received the guerdon of his acts;
A change ensues in manners, not in man,
Maccallummohr bethinks him of a plan,
And sends a scion from his native rocks
Not for the Saxon's cattle, but his stocks.

Are virtue, then, and honesty so rare?
Are all pretensions nothing but a snare?
Does trade develope, by some natural law,
The Brunswick forehead and the Hapsburg jaw,
The cautious gait, half humble and half sly,
The open bluster and the furtive eye,

⁷ No better proof can be given of the attractions which the Stock Exchange affords than this incident, learned from the papers. We shall perhaps next hear of a Scotch Duke launching a younger son as a Dominie.

The mind that moulds the face, and makes it keen,
Till all the knave is in the features seen?

I know a man whose look—pray do not start—⁸
Denotes an honest, truthful, kindly heart,
Who is not over-cautious, over-rash,
Who does not think the end of life is cash,
Who does not brag before the poor and weak,
Who is not over-proud, or over-meek,
Who makes God's public law his private rule,
But does not use his creed to trap a fool,
Who wisely gives, and what he gives conceals,
But does not strive to hide the warmth he feels,
And yet is wealthy. Wishing then to know
How for so strange a man such riches grow,
Point blank I asked him if he could explain
What were the genuine sources of his gain;
His answer was,—‘By always taking care
‘That all the goods I say I sell are there,’—
Could any terms of censure have conveyed
A bitterer satire upon common trade?

The gold and silver of the earliest age,
The brass and iron of a later stage,
Were obvious symbols, chosen to express
The downward course of moral rottenness,

⁸ This is a fact. I do not feel at liberty to give the name. *Rari quippe Loni*, etc.

The modern chemist's potent art sublimes
A baser metal to denote our times⁹.

We helpless people call on Lowe and James¹⁰,
And being cheated, seek the swindler's names,
Call down the heaviest judgments on the thieves¹¹
Who rob'us of our cash by makebelieves,
And raise a clamorous cry, as loud and long
As ever issues from Kenealy's throng,
When that great jurist, poet, statesman glows
With Magna Charta and his Tichborne's woes.

Is the shrewd sense you used to boast of, past¹²?
Must you revert to bib and pap at last?
Have you forgot how keen the pleasure is
Which the rogue feels who makes your earnings his?
Have you forgot how laughable you seem,
When your untutored honour makes you dream
That bond or oath, religion, or the laws
Will clip one corner from such people's claws?

⁹ Nona aetas agitur, pejoraque saecula ferri
Temporibus.

¹⁰ The principal members of the Commission appointed to enquire into foreign loans.

¹¹ Nos hominum Divumque fidem clamore ciemus
Quanto Faesidium laudat, etc.

¹² dic senior bulla dignissime, nescis
Quas habeat veneres aliena pecunia?

With them, the truths which weaker scoundrels fear,
 Serve as the baits to bring their victims near;
 The parson, altar, ritual, common prayer,
 Assist their ends as trap, decoy, or snare:
 If you would save my words, and see it all,
 Con the career of pious John Dean Paul¹³.

There was a time when piety was truth,
 (The safest date to take is Barnard's youth,)
 Ere habit learnt such smartness to applaud,
 Or law made bankruptcy a cloak for fraud;
 Ere the sharp trader laid aside his mete,
 To air his profits in a country seat;
 Ere Europe's revenue was Rothschild's care,
 Or Walter's Thunderer quoted stock or share;
 Ere rigs were known, or sham accounts were cooked,
 And profits never made were calmly booked;
 Ere gulls would trust the fruit of livelong toil
 To the large future of Canadian oil;
 Ere boys were sent, sweet types of innocence,
 To mask the schemes of shrewder, clearer sense,

¹³ A notorious banker who was detected some twenty years ago in appropriating the securities of his customers on a very large scale. He had been very eminent in 'the religious world,' and was particularly active in denouncing the Tractarians. Shrewd men suspected his zeal, and withdrew their balances in time.

And prove how thoroughly a Yankee sees
 More through a millstone than our best M.P.'s¹⁴;
 Ere smart purveyors gathered, near and far,
 Their red-haired vestals to the station bar;
 Ere the swart puddler, thirsty from his forge,
 Poured gin instead of porter down his gorge,—
 A careful study might detect a trace
 Of its old honour in the English race.

England was not, in those remoter years,
 Crowded by such a crushing weight of peers¹⁵;
 These social constellations too, of yore,
 Bred fewer snobs to wonder and adore;
 The Burke or Lodge of that day poised with ease
 A lighter load of dubious pedigrees;
 Rich men had not yet claimed it as their due
 To make a desert for a day's battue;
 Had better manners, less of vain pretence,
 Or the coarse brag of purseproud insolence;
 While thrift and honesty combined to fix
 A narrow limit for the tradesmen's tricks.

Hogarth's contrasted 'prentices explain
 What was the old-world road of honest gain,

¹⁴ The Canadian oil scheme will be fresh in the memory of my readers.

¹⁵ nec turba deorum

Talis ut est hodie, etc.

Every one knows how reverentially the average Englishman treats the peerage, and what excellent reason he has for his polytheism.

And what was the career which, duly past,
Involved a certain gallows at the last,
How the good youth achieved the civic chair
And cap of maintenance, as London's mayor;
While westwards, as the City laureate sung,
Tom Idle donned the nightcap and was hung.
Far luckier is the modern gambler's lot,
Though he is still attracted to the spot,
When, by some occult sympathy of blood,
He settles in Tyburnia's neighbourhood¹⁶.

If you find one whom avarice never blinds¹⁷,
Yet neither fear, nor kith, nor friendship binds,
But simply keeps good faith, and says what's true,
And always renders every man his due,
Because his nature will not let him stoop
To cozen, cheat, or circumvent a dupe,
Don't tell the facts of your discovery, where
The news would merely call up shrug or stare,
But bless the chance which brings before your eyes
The choicest, rarest gift which life supplies;

¹⁶ The site of the famous gallows at Tyburn, which had been dedicated to the last offices of justice since (we are told) the reign of Edward the Third, is now occupied by mansions reputed to be inhabited by very eminent members of the moneyed classes.

¹⁷ Nunc, si depositum non inficieu'ur amicus, etc.

Or, if you must disclose the wonder, tell
That you have seen a genuine miracle.

Brokers and jobbers, as I hear you say¹⁸,
Have filched the thousand pounds you paid away.
What if your venture had been twice as much?
What if the loss of fortune had been such
As they endured, who suffered, in the end,
The penalty of trusting Overend?
What if, as some did, you'd insured your life
And lost the whole you scraped for child or wife,
Found that, as many a helpless victim sees,
Your premiums vanished in promoters' fees,
And learnt how notably financing pays
When it is furthered by the law's delays¹⁹?

What is the oath, or pledge, or promise, which
Checks one who is resolved on being rich?
One single peril makes him pause or doubt—
That is, the risk that man may find him out;
If he be sure his secret is his own,
He meets the charge with virtue's loftiest tone,

¹⁸ *Intercepta decem quereris sestertia fraude*, etc.
Juvenal's friend had not lost so much money as mine has.

¹⁹ The company known as Overend and Gurney failed on May 10, 1866. Its fall ruined thousands who had trusted to the good faith of those who promoted the company. The revelations which have latterly been made as to the conduct of life insurance companies, are among the most scandalous of modern times.

Blandly asserts the honour of his acts,
And then appeals to what he calls the facts.

Some men believe that chance or nature's laws²⁰
Interpret or connect effect and cause,
That an invariant sequence governs all,
That human actions are phenomenal,
That He who some men love, and many dread,
Is now a fiction, worn out, baseless, dead,
But may be still, by keeping certain rules,
A cloak for sharpers, and a check for fools,
And therefore, nothing loth, will kiss the book
With calm assurance, and a virtuous look.

Others believe that, at some future time²¹,
Its proper doom will follow upon crime,
Admit that God still works by Providence,
Judges each deed, chastises each offence;
And yet will balance, when temptation's near,
The gains they clutch at, and the risks they fear,
And thus conclude—'The ills I may endure
'Wealth can compensate, palliate, or cure,
'Let me be blind, if I can only hold
'The stake I played for, and can keep my gold.'

²⁰ Sunt in fortunæ casibus qui omnia ponant
Et nullo credunt mundum rectore moveri, etc.

²¹ Hic putat esse deos, et pejerat, et ita secum, etc.

And yet are ill-earned riches worth the price,
 Which the cowed conscience can extort from vice?
 Is it a fair exchange? I do not doubt
 They would accept the whilome Derby's gout²²,
 Plus a small cantle of his rents or lands,
 Plus a fair balance in the banker's hands,
 And trust their carcasses, from foot to skull,
 To aloes, colchicum, and Doctor Gull.
 Nor need one wonder. What's the use of fame²³,
 If learning, honour, virtue, deck your name,
 But nothing else of solid worth accord
 To match the *métier* of a booby lord²⁴,
 And the poor talents which are all your pride
 Purvey the banquet of the Barmecide?

'The wrath of God is sure, more surely slow²⁵—
 'Why should I then expect the earliest blow?
 'If all the sinners suffer, when will He
 'Inflict the judgment of my sin on me?

²² pauper locupletem optare podagram
 Non dubitet Ladas, si non eget Anticyra, nec
 Archigene.

The late Lord Derby was said to have been a martyr to gout.

²³ Quid enim velocis gloria palmarum
 Praestat, et esuriens Pisacae ramus olivae?

²⁴ 'Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford
 Become the portion of a booby Lord.' *Pope*.

²⁵ Ut sit magna, tamen certe lenta ira Deorum est.

‘Perchance a charity will save my soul
‘A little gift perhaps protect the whole.’

A Scot who knew his crimes, and felt their weight,
Balanced his dealings, and forecast his fate,
Asked a good parson, if salvation's work
Could be made safe by giving to the kirk;
And got this answer:—‘It is hard to buy
‘The boon you ask, but well worth while to try.’
But if like acts in different issues fix,
One leads to office, t’other oakum picks,
The only cause which makes those issues two
Is what that dying sinner thought he knew.

This is the process by which fraud contrives
To ply the practice upon which it thrives,
To lull the conscience, and to calm the fear,
When the dark doom of wrong seems gathering near.
Now, if you claim his affidavit, he
Hurries to make it gladly, eagerly,
Nay, by attorney he will bid you swear,
And watch your anger with a jaunty air,
(A shameless forehead forms his best defence,
Brass may become the mask of innocence,)
And plays as well as any actor can²⁶
The Surface drawn by witty Sheridan.

26 minimum agit ille,
Urbani qualem fugitivus scurra Catulli.

As you protest your own undoubted right,
 Loud as O'Gorman on an Irish night²⁷,
 Loud as a serjeant-major at his drill,
 And as two fish-wives, bent on battle, shrill,
 Thus you exclaim—'Is justice deaf and blind?
 'To honour cruel, but to roguery kind?
 'Are scarlet, ermine, wig, a splendid hoax?
 'Are they a trap to ruin simple folks?
 'For shams like these why does the nation pay
 'The judges' salary every quarter day?
 'Will it endure this senseless pomp again,
 'The sheriff's gorgeous coach, and javelin men?
 'It were a shorter stage a lighter loss,
 'To take all cases straight to Mr. Cross—²⁸'
 Till you incur, by scolding in this sort
 The modern peril of contempt of court.

You, to whom dogmas are indifferent²⁹,
 Accept and use my counsel as 'tis meant.
 You who interpret characters by deeds,
 And scorn the clamour of discordant creeds,

²⁷ Tu miser exclamas, ut Stentora vincere possis, etc.

²⁸ Mr. Cross, the present Home Secretary. This officer of state performs the functions of a court of appeal in criminal cases. The next couplet refers to the latitude with which judges seem disposed to interpret contempt of court.

²⁹ Juvenal expresses his indifference to the tenets of the Stoics, Cynics, and Epicureans, the three great parties in Paganism.

To whom the churches, Broad, and Low, and High,
 Serve but as names to ticket blockheads by,
 Who scoff at forms, and never would expect
 That vestures mark or constitute a sect,
 Nor, if some noisy zealot only preach,
 Think that he proves his right and power to teach.

There is no need for Gull's or Paget's skill ³⁰
 To purge or to excise your special ill ;
 Your case is simple, and of this be sure,
 A parish doctor could effect your cure.

If there be nought which man would more detest
 Than what you suffer, well then, beat your breast,
 Like a hired mourner, even slap your face,
 And in so sad, so terrible a case,
 Pull down your blinds, exhibit your belief,
 Attire your servants in the garb of grief,
 And prove, in losing cash, you're more distrest
 Than by the death of those you love the best.
 He whom a sorrow, such as yours, constrains ³¹
 To utter lamentations, never feigns.

³⁰ Curentur dubii medicis majoribus aegri.

Gull and Paget are severally an eminent physician and an eminent surgeon.

³¹ nemo dolorem

Fingit in hoc casu . . .

Ploratur lacrymis amissa pecunia veris.

The sounds of woe, I grant, which meet our ears,
 Are far more genuine than some people's tears ;
 The plaints of men, when swindled of their due,
 Are, beyond question, quite sincere and true.

But if your case is found in every street,
 If it occurs to half the men you meet ;
 If frauds are grown so nice, so rife, so rank,
 That knaves can cheat a lawyer or a bank ;
 Can simulate the signs of honest trade,
 Till caution is, by its own sleights, bewrayed ;
 Do you conceive, dear creature, that your right ³²
 Is, to be shielded from the common plight ?
 Are you to be the swan, and we the geese ?
 Will he who plunders us,—you never fleece ?
 The wrongs you suffer are a trifling load,
 Don't let your passions swell till they explode,
 Look through the calendar of greater crimes,
 The scandals of our nature and our times,
 Read the police and law reports, survey
 The mass of vice, which crops up, day by day,
 The hordes of wretches, gathered by the pains
 Of those who serve your Frasers and your Maynes ³³,

³² Tene, o delicias ! extra communia censes
 Ponendum ? quia tu gallinae filius albae
 Nos viles pulli, nati infelicibus ovis ?

³³ The commandants of the city and metropolitan police. In Juvenal's days Gallicus was the *custos urbis*.

The endless warfare which these creatures wage
 Against mankind, through childhood, manhood, age,
 And the vast herd which angered law enthrals
 In the grim circuit of your prison walls.
 The secrets of one household may disclose
 The sum of human wrongs, and human woes;
 And should you learn how other people live
 Your grief will get a speedy sedative;
 The time and pains are worthy of your care—³⁴
 And after that, be wretched if you dare.

Who cares to wonder, when a Frenchman brags ³⁵
 Of the grand race, the Briton of his bags?
 Stares at the Teuton's glasses, feigns surprise
 When listening to a travelled Yankee's lies?
 Who ever thought a Greek spoke truth, or knew
 Of one day's manual labour from a Jew?
 Who ever feels astonished when he hears
 That Spaniards are together by the ears?—
 The reason lies in this, that every race
 Has the same impulse, habit, temper, face.

The Bosnian sees the produce of his work ³⁶
 Thieved by the rapine of the savage Turk;

³⁴ *Paucos consume dies, et
 Dicere te miserum, postquam illic veneris, aude.*

³⁵ *Quis tumidum guttur miratur Alpibus
 Caerula quis stupuit Germani lumina.*

³⁶ Juvenal refers in his text to the cranes and the pigmies. Nothing but

Desperate at last, the victim stands at bay,
And seeks to drive the brigand from his prey;
For, why should such as he is dread the grave,
Who wears the livelong livery of the slave?
Yet after all, the issue of the strife
May add a further misery to his life.
With us, all Turks, from Sultan down to Sheik,
Would don the convict's livery in a week;
But habit makes us view with careless eyes
The ruler's crimes, and hear the subjects' cries,
Nor care to rescue, by one good home-thrust,
A wretched people from a baboon's lust.

Shall perjury, then, be but a slight offence³⁷,
And shall a knave deride your innocence?

Conceive him loaded by the felon's chain,
And, in a burst of passion, lynched and slain:
Your loss is still a loss, your money's gone,
And could his carcase for his crime atone?
Vengeance is pleasanter than life, you say—
It is to fools, when under passion's sway,

the ambition of kings and statesmen could have permitted the continuance of the most detestable government in existence on the fairest part of the world,—that part too which, though consecrated by numberless religious and literary memories, has been turned into a desert by the Turk.

³⁷ Nulla ne perjuri capitis fraudisque nefandae
Poena erit? etc.

Dunces, whose very vitals are on fire,
 When trumpery fancies rouse or stir their ire.
 By wisdom fortified, the truly great
 Yield themselves more to pity than to hate,
 And, fully conscious of what none can take,
 Never retaliate for vengeance' sake.
 The wisdom which instructs us in the right,
 Clears off the mists which cramp or dim our sight.
 And one by one uproots, with happy art,
 The natural frailties of the human heart.
 Revenge delights the mean and little mind,
 Is keenest with the paltriest of mankind.

Yet do not think the culprit can control
 The anxious terrors which beset his soul,
 Escape the torturing scourge which conscience plies,
 Albeit it reach no ears, and meet no eyes.
 He has a judge, and hear that judge he must ³⁸,
 As wise as Cockburn, and as Cockburn just,
 Must always bear the witness in his breast,
 Which, night and day, will never be at rest.

³⁸ Poena autem vehemens, et multo saevior illis
 Quas et Caeditius gravis invenit et Rhadamanthus,
 Nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem.

Every honest Englishman is proud of the Lord Chief Justice, of his abilities and his integrity.

The Spartan heard this message from the seer—³⁹
'God's doom is certain, and his judgment's near,
'To any one who thinks that he may dare
'Betray a trust committed to his care,
'Who, by no fear of retribution stung,
'Would hold his plunder by a perjured tongue,
'Who asks if God will counsel or condone
'A fraud, and make a sinner's crime his own?'
Scared by the threat, the would-be thief restored
(Not drawn by honour) his unlawful hoard,
But in his person proved what had been told—
No scion of that Spartan's house grew old,
For the whole stock, ere a few years were past,
Had strangely perished, and himself the last.

The wish to do a wrong must needs exact
The punishment that's proper to the act,
And get its due. What if the culprit sins ⁴⁰
And perpetrates the crime his heart begins.
Look at him then—a ceaseless load of care,
A sense of surfeit at the daintiest fare,
A forced and joyless meal, a weary life,
A testy tongue to friend, and child, and wife,
Are some among the issues which proceed
From the deep consciousness of fraud and greed.

³⁹ Juvenal borrowed this story from Herodotus, vi. 86.

⁴⁰ Cedo, si conata peregit, etc,

Wine which makes honest people glad or gay,
Is gulped with effort, or is thrust away;
Give him Lafitte, it does not smooth his frown⁴¹,
Clos Vougeot's vinegar before it's down.

If wearied nature for a time effect⁴²
The sleep which grudging conscience would reject,
The while he tosses, restless, on his bed,
The direst visions fill his throbbing head;
He fancies that he hurries in his walk,
And others pry, and stop, and point, and talk;
He starts convulsively, for in his dreams
The dread which fills him, nearer, closer seems;
A touch, a breath, a sound, a step, a sigh,
Suggests a grim detective standing by:
And worst of all, before his bloodshot eyes
You, whom he wronged, appear in awful guise,
You seem to tell, with fierce, un pitying air,
The tale which means his ruin and despair;
And as his wretched body chills and glows,
He mutters what he hopes no other knows.

⁴¹ Albani veteris pretiosa senectus

Displicet, ostendas melius densissima ruga

Cogitur in frontem, velut acri ducta Falerno.

Albano is still famous for its wine, but the art of making it must be lost, for the chief attraction to the modern Italian is the notice of *vino nuovo*.

⁴² Nocte brevem si forte indulsit cura soporem, etc.

These are the men who shudder and grow pale
When fraud is tracked, and all its doublings fail.
The first faint whisper of detected crime
Recalls their doings—person, place, and time;
The bolt which shattered others, threatens all,
The fire, which others seared, on them may fall;
Slow, sure, strong, subtle, ever in advance,
The bloodhound justice ceases to be chance:
The tempest passes, but it leaves the dread
Of the new storm which gathers overhead:
One look of doubt, one symptom of distrust
Pierces their vitals with a deadly thrust;
And poisoned by the soul it touches, darts,
With tenfold venom through their guilty hearts.

If, striving to refresh their withered fame,
They seek to win anew an honest name,
Who can there be, to whom 'tis no disgrace
To help their credit, or to take their place,
Or prove that confidence can still belong
To him who cannot measure right and wrong?

Crime ever gathers conscience in the rear,
Unlawful deeds engender boundless fear;
And o'er the guilty soul the panic steals,
Since all the frightful doom it fears, it feels.

Yet the coarse nature, tutored by deceit,
Reverts to that which urged it on to cheat;
Forces itself to what it first essayed,
Becomes more callous, less and less afraid—
Who purposes a limit to his sins,
Or ceases at the place where he begins?
That forehead, scoured from every sign of shame,
Can never change, must ever be the same—
Where is the man, when plunder is abroad,
Who rests contented with a single fraud?

Some rule forgotten, or some rule allowed,
Lately made havoc of a merry crowd.
Those who escaped, of course, were all astir
To help, as best they could, each sufferer.
Two persons only took a different view,
The one, a jobber, to the station flew,
And telegraphed to London—‘At the nick
‘Sell, sell Great Westerns largely, and be quick.’
The other, bent on less extensive gain,
Began to pick the pockets of the slain⁴³.

Depend on it, his time will come at last;
The law will catch our friend, and grip him fast;
A jail receive him as its proper prey,
And clothe him in its chocolate and grey.

⁴³ This fact occurred at the Shipton accident, Dec. 24, 1874.

Spike Island, Portland quarries, are the fate
Of such as are too criminally great;
Or Dartmoor's gloom his gay career may stop—
Perhaps his final issue is the drop;
While you, perusing the police report,
Will comment on his doom in some such sort—
'There comes a season when these sharpers find,
'That Providence is neither deaf nor blind ⁴⁴.'

⁴⁴ Nec surdum nec Teiresiam quenquam esse Deorum.

LUCILIUS.

[Lucilius was probably the inventor of satire, a kind of literature which was indigenous to Rome. His writings have been lost, though numerous fragments of them remain. The longest of these fragments, that which is translated almost literally below, is preserved by Lactantius, a Christian philosopher, and forms a picture of what was conceived to be the rule of life with a man of honour in Republican Rome.]

‘WHATEVER be his nurture, fortunes, birth,
‘The wise man reckons all things at their worth.
‘No present error can his view distract,
‘Or make him think a falsehood is a fact.
‘Wisdom defines what is, in every case,
‘Good, evil, just, dishonest, noble, base ;
‘Wisdom assigns fit bounds to every aim,
‘Grants every due, interprets every claim ;
‘Assigns to wealth its proper place and weight,
‘But values honour at her highest rate ;
‘At prosperous knaves directs her keenest blows,
‘Because her instincts thrust her on her foes ;
‘Maintains the cause of virtue, truth, and right,
‘Yields to no menace, entertains no fright ;

‘Unflinchingly receives, assists, defends,
‘All whom she reckons her allies and friends,
‘Who reason thus: The public good demands
‘The labour of our heads, our hearts, our hands.
‘This debt must first be paid, however vast;
‘Our home comes next, ourselves the third and last.’

Thus, when the great Republic still confessed
Her public duties were her nearest, best;
Ere simple honest faith was set at naught,
Or priests despised the doctrines which they taught¹;
Ere the foul fictions of a party name
Encouraged selfishness and banished shame;
Ere knaves dared advertise each fraudulent deed;
Ere men abandoned honour, worshipped greed;
Ere sordid nobles made the State their prey,
And bribed the mob they purposed to betray;
Ere rapine rushed a conquered world to share,
And murderous faction ushered in despair;
Ere civil strife provoked each stubborn will,
And hate, and lust, and malice had their fill;
Till, wearied with their griefs, men sought the cure
In the stern peace which despots can make sure—

¹ Cicero, who lived two generations after Lucilius, wonders whether two augurs could meet each other without laughing. The Roman augurs were among the chief officials of the state religion in Rome.

The friend of Scipio, satirist and sage²,
Portrayed the sturdy wisdom of his age.

Of what avail is all the glittering hoard
Which skill has fashioned and which thrift has stored—
The varied treasures and the golden spoil
Which vanquished nature yields to stubborn toil;
The still increasing force, the ready plan,
Which patient science grants to busy man;
The ceaseless hurry of the crowded mart,
The gathered trophies of commercial art;
The prize which luck can gain and virtue can't,
Which shrewd men challenge,—and their clients grant
If, after all, the lesson of to-day
Conveys no meaning, rouses no dismay;
If the blind passion of the time defies
That solemn warning which the past supplies;
If shame has vanished from the nation's face,
And England chuckles over her disgrace;
And vestries, for the boon of Leicester Square,
Vie with the flatteries of a Chester Mayor³?

The downward progress of a State's decay
Are not, I grant, the issue of a day.

² We learn from Horace, Sat. ii. 1. 75, that Lucilius was the friend of Africanus and Laelius.

³ The Mayor of Chester's address to the Duke of Westminster on the occasion of his being put into the Dukage is alluded to.

'Tis only custom which can reconcile
The heart to all that's sordid, mean, and vile.
No man is in a moment rendered base—
It takes some time to bronze the plastic face:
The puckered lines which gather o'er the jowl,
The thin, sharp lips, the quick, suspicious scowl,
The coarse, hard look which tells the withered heart,
Are, beyond doubt, consummate works of art.
The quickest fancy cannot, if she strive,
Conceive the creatures whom one sees alive;
Or in them, by the force of memory, find
One faded vestige of an honest mind.
The sight's enough, what need to hear them speak;
Facts that are patent no one wants to seek.
Such are the men who guide the yielding mob,
Whose life's a lie, whose genius is a job.

'Tis said the simple fiend, in time of old,
Chaffered with those who let themselves be sold;
Studied the way to wheedle and cajole,
And, by post obits, caught the sinful soul;
Offered his price, and, when the day came round,
Wiser than Shylock, got his lawful pound.
The bribe's superfluous now. What need to pay
For what its owner freely gives away?

The demon merely hints: You must be tired;
Enjoy the wealth your labour has acquired;
Cease from your toil. The trusting victim tries;
Wearies of rest, grows peevish, wastes, and dies;
Relieves the world of one superfluous weight,
And pays two debts—to justice and to fate.

If you would learn the danger which we run,
Study the process by which wealth is won;
Reflect how vast's the pile of tricks and lies
Which fortune claims before she yields the prize;
How honest labour scrapes its scanty due,
But knavery wins a plum upon a *coup*.
Mark how the gambler boldly lays his stake,
And stands to win his *cent. per cent.* or break.
The risk is little, if he merely stoops
To gauge the pockets of his willing dupes
By puffing up the swindle at the first,
And timely selling ere the bubble burst.

From Hambro's stock exchange the schemer hies⁴,
Skilled in mean arts, and stocked with specious lies;
Hurries to London, there to play his game;
Puts in a mask his patriarchal name;
Launches at first his humbler, weaker kites,
Next imp's their wings for wider, bolder flights;

⁴ A general portrait.

Then, having well matured his shrewd designs,
Invites the fools who speculate in mines,
And kindly proffers, to the general view—
His precious ore, a solid mountain through!
As though 'twere likely that the knave would spare
His proper spoil to let another share.
Of course the trap, well baited and well set,
Draws widow, parson, lawyer, to his net.
He bulls the stock, he strains his credit, buys,
Till he can grasp and clutch the glittering prize;
Sells, bears the market, shrewdly turns the scale,
Bubbles the gulls who trusted to his tale,
And having won his thousandfold per cent.
Resolves to venture upon Parliament.

'Tis harder work for swindlers to succeed,
Than to procure the whitewash which they need;
Some venturous brokers perish, some survive,
Some get transported, others haply thrive,
But those who thrive and last can win their aim
If they are patient at the cautious game.
Thus—build a church, a people's park bestow,
Sustain all interests, be they high or low,
(What matter if they have no true defence
In common justice and in common sense?)

Defend the nation's Bible and its beer,
Regret excess, but say that freedom's dear,
Quote the good bishops, Wordsworth and Magee⁵,
Who hold that temperance is tyranny;
Maintain the sanctity of Church and State,
Our pure religion, our unselfish great,
Uphold the Services, and be averse
To the mean thrift which saves the nation's purse;
Give cautiously—your agent can describe
What is corruption, what a legal bribe—
Throw dirt about, in hopes that some may stick,
Or hire the pens of those who know the trick,
Drench the poor sots who freely sell their votes,
Pour the hot poison down their gaping throats;
And then the flood may bring you in to shore
And land you safely on St. Stephen's floor,
Where, though you won your seat by every lie
Which fraud can coin, ambition justify,
The House is forced all comers to admit,
And vouches for their honour—while they sit.

Upon those walls, which England well bestows,
That she may scan the faces of her foes

⁵ Of these two prelates, the latter will be long recollected for his famous Irishism, that he would rather have men free than sober; the former for his amazing power of affronting people by acts of sacerdotal silliness.

And shun the sharpers who would dig her grave
The venal artist hangs the thriving knave.
Stout, florid, see the great director stand,
In either pocket thrusting either hand,
Rattling the cash he's won with quiet glee.
The thing is good, as lifelike as can be,
The hands—'tis there the painter's hardly just—
Should be in other people's pockets thrust.

Unless men want to cheat, or want to learn
How to make others' folly serve their turn
(And therefore, as if training for a race,
Practise the fluent tongue, the fraudulent face)
They rarely play their game without a stake,
Or ply the art of lies for lying's sake.
The adept knows this adage from his youth—
'No falsehood equals superficial truth.'
Thus, if he lends himself to any cry
He either means to sell, or means to buy,
And judges *that* the question of the hour
Which best may serve his pocket or his power.

What are the causes, then, which give their scope
To arts like these, which lend them strength and hope?
Whence is it that such people thrive, and, when
They're rich and prosperous, jostle honest men?

Flaunt their vile gains before the people's eyes,
Invite attention to their shameful rise?
Unless this rule is true, at any rate—
Success condones the fraud which makes it great.

The things which feed on carrion roam by night,
Avoid the tell-tale day, the prying light,
Gather in packs to batten on the feast,
Beast herding still with sympathetic beast;
But, by the darkness aided and disguised,
They fly in sudden panic when surprised;
So, while the bad man always seeks his own,
He dares be bold before the bad alone;
Let him but be detected at his prey,
He strives instinctively to steal away,
Yields to the scorn he feels to be his due,
And slinks with hasty terror out of view.

And yet if trusting to his ill-won gold
He meets his fellow men, serenely bold,
If he can venture to be sleek and bland,
Affect the open heart, the generous hand;
If he dare angle for men's thoughtless votes
Or catch the plaudits of their fickle throats,
'Tis that he knows they envy what they hate
And worship what they ought to execrate,

As savages a gentle god disdain,
But crouch to one who sends them loss and pain.

Found out at last, but after many a fraud,
One genius of this species went abroad,
Fled to New York across the kindly main,
On other dupes to try his craft again,
Soon wearied out his hosts, exposed his game,
Exhausted all his powers, and missed his aim,
Left without one resource, one card to play,
He strove to gloze his early faults away,
And, thinking nothing's proved but what's confessed,
He added one more baseness to the rest,
Discoursed on Yankee tricks and cracked his jokes
On Fisk and Vallandigham, Tweed and Stokes⁶,
Declared that all his friends both lied and thieved,
That he was innocent, cajoled, deceived;
And thus, to make his villanies complete,
Slandered the people whom he failed to cheat.

'Tis not the knave alone who plays and wins,
Some even make their market by their sins.

Assail the superstitions of the crowd
And look for anger, truculent and loud,
The hate which deals in calumnies and cries,
Now scolds, now sneers, now sneaks, but always lies.

⁶ Eminent New York financiers.

But should you flatter what no good man fears,
You need not shun men's eyes, nor dread men's ears;
If you conform, they've nothing to desire;
Faith without works is all that they require,
Be orthodox, and nothing's a disgrace.
D'ye doubt it? I can prove it by a case.

Sir Helluo, gallant, prodigal, and gay⁷,
Broke half the ten commandments every day;
When rallied on his practices he'd laugh,
Grin his regrets, and break the other half.
Diced, drabbed, drank brandy, wooed an early gout,
Cheated at cards, was, worse than all, found out.
Disgraced his name, ran through a fair estate,
Grew bloated, owl-eyed, sottish, desperate.
Bore, stamped on all the features of his face,
Lusts which inflame and vices which debase,
And yet when t'other day the league began
Of parson, drunkard, peer, and publican,
His merits are extolled by every tongue,
By droning preacher and by staggering bung;
He is the patron of the good old cause
Of church and crown, religion and the laws.
Stirred by such teachers, crapulous and blue,
'Hurrah for Helluo!' shouts the noisy crew;

⁷ This is again a general portrait.

‘Behold the poor man’s friend, the people’s choice,
‘His are our votes, his is our will and voice.
‘Hurrah for Helluo! Hasten to the polls
‘All pious churchmen and all thirsty souls!’
Thus knaves and sots a legislator make,
Out of a brainless, heartless, battered rake.

Good Dr. Watts, who wrote, ere Keble sung,
The strains which lived on childhood’s prattling tongue,
Asserts that nature makes dog, lion, bear,
Bark, bite, growl, fight, express their loves, and pair;
No Darwin then asserted or defined
How beings mould and propagate their kind,
How nature gives a universal tilth,
And breeds her germs in cleanliness and filth.

Nature was once a goddess, nowadays,
Like other institutions, she’s a phrase,
In such a sense she pardons or endures
Some follies, others obviates or cures;
And yet perhaps she may be over-tried:
Narcissa found it when her hair she dyed⁸—
Not once or twice, a thousand times, ’tis said,
She changed the fickle colours of her head;
Varied her tresses with unnumbered hues—
Blacks, yellows, reds, all shades but greens and blues—

⁸ This is a fact: may it prove a warning.

Till, wearied out, and angry at her freaks,
Indignant nature all her vengeance wreaks,
And leaves Narcissa, reft of every lock,
Bald as a new laid egg, a barber's block.

But though these follies waken our disgust,
These knaveries rouse and deepen our distrust,
Fools have a value, knaves subserve an end,
Teach us to loathe a vice, a right defend,
Instruct the judgment, fortify the will,
Make virtue wary, and be virtue still ;
Supply the strongest weapons of defence,
The armour of a cautious innocence ;
Grant the unwilling praise which vice allows,
When baffled in the practice it avows,
And in their jargon may be forced to say—
We tried the trick, and did not find it pay.

A little forethought, therefore, can detect
And almost cure the mischief these effect.
In lasting harm a deeper reason lies,
That reason is—the follies of the wise.

As in the cheek of health disease may lurk,
But give no symptom of its deadly work ;
As men, unconsciously, have often quaffed
A tasteless poison in a sparkling draught ;

As a bright sun may lure the insect's wing
To trust the bitter breath of fickle spring;
As the red dawn may mask the coming gale,
And tempt to sudden doom the venturous sail;
So the worst troubles which beset mankind,
Spring from the blunders of an honest mind.

There is a statesman, who delights to sport
With facts of every kind, and shape, and sort;
Who finds the deepest lore in Homer's strains;
Who checks a nation's losses and its gains;
Who grapples with each crotchet that comes out—
Tory finance, and atheistic doubt;
Who gladly undertakes the gruesome deed
Of sounding Ward Hunt's figures, Strauss's creed;
Who demonstrates, astir with ardent hope,
The deeper purpose of a scolding Pope;
Who for that Joseph's coat, the Establishment,
Which policy has patched, and zeal has rent,
Picks up the shoddy with the tenderest care,
Fondly surveys each hole, and spot, and tear;
Extols the stuff with which his hands are full,
And mends the seamless coat with asses' wool⁹;

⁹ ὄνον πόκαι have been a famous material for mending what cannot be mended since the days of Aristophanes.

Who honestly endeavours to befriend
What finds no other wise and honest friend ;
And gains, as every one but he must know,
The reputation of a secret foe ;
Who next assails, with premature alarm,
What noisy bumpkins think will do no harm ;
And gains, what all but he might well discern,
The credit of a scheme to serve his turn ;
Who seeks with gifts his enemies to gain,
But treats his friends with coldness and disdain ;
Who does no kindness when he does no wrong,
Who makes love brief, and disappointment long ;
Who thinks that what is dissonant may be
Brought by some miracle to harmony ;
That man may weld scorn, hatred, wrath, and fear,
In one—the lackey, people, priest, and peer ;
Who does not know, that what he flirts away,
Fills foes with glee, fills friends with blank dismay,
And proves that they who plan, but will not heed,
May rule awhile, and act, but cannot lead.

In fiction such a character would seem
The strangest paradox, the wildest dream ;
In fact, it fills the honest heart with care
Lest lingering hope become prolonged despair.

Who is it wins, when such a man as this,
Aims well enough, but manages to miss?
Who has the art to welcome the assault,
And win his greatness from his rival's fault?
Who is it, having carried off the prize,
Who proves it better to be shrewd than wise?
And puts upon the statesman at his feet,
The galling shame of unforseen defeat?

The man whose purpose lies within his will
Knows that success comes not by chance, but skill;
Sees that the gifts which fortune can bestow
May be the aids or traps of friend or foe;
Tutored by patience, waits till he is sure
That what he means will make success secure,
And having chosen what to him is best,
Trusts that his courage will achieve the rest.

The timely jest which baffles what it strikes,
Scoffs at the wisdom which a mob dislikes,
Adroitly turns a truth to an offence,
And slyly makes a butt of common sense;
Succeeds, because the person it assails,
Though he be honest, in discretion fails.

The tact which makes the most of little things,
The wit which often mocks, but rarely stings:

The art which never causes needless pain,
But meets unguarded censure with disdain,
Which rarely wills to volunteer a blow,
Which never lets men see it shirks a foe,
Which flirts no opportunity away,
Which can be serious, and which can be gay ;
The prudence which is never led to feel
Untimely earnestness or misplaced zeal ;
The cautious policy which gains its ends
By never seeming to neglect its friends ;
The skill which makes its party feel it must
Meet constant faithfulness with constant trust ;
This is the wisdom which, at least in part,
One statesman needs, as parcel of his art.

If he were only able to discern
What is the lesson that he needs must learn,
And having learnt it, wholly cast aside
The dreams which friends deplore, and foes deride ;
Shake off the dread which makes him stand aghast
At the poor phantoms of a powerless past,
Which, like the shadows of the dying day,
Grow vast, and vaster, as they fade away ;
Could turn from dull logomachies to deeds,
Study a nation's dangers and its needs ;

Could catch some little knowledge of the art
Which, while it claims the reason, chains the heart;
Find what the problem is of social life,
Remove the ceaseless impulses of strife;
Lend all his powers to justly arbitrate
Between the honest interests of the state;
Check the crude insolence of rank and wealth,
And give the people hope, contentment, health,—
Soothed by the news, I'd mutter, in my bed,
Cassandra Greg may screech of 'Rocks ahead'¹⁰.

¹⁰ Mr. Greg is the author of many alarmist productions on politics and theology.

THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS.

King Solomon.

KING Solomon was seated on his throne—
Round him was gathered every living thing,
For as he reigned, unchallenged and alone,
All nature paid her homage to her king.

He bowed his head upon his staff, and still
The crowd stood motionless on either side,
Waiting to hear the biddings of his will,—
Then, as he sat and mused, the monarch died.

His snow-white beard was gathered on his breast,
His head was balanced on his staff, his eyes
Were shut as if in thought, and no one guessed
That death was lurking in a king's disguise.

So on they waited, fettered by their fears,
Awd by the memory of a vanished spell,
Till, from the wasting of unnumbered years,
The staff was rotted, and the ruler fell.

At once the charm was broken,—who can see
The lesson which this legend would convey?
And having learnt it, feel that he is free
From forms whose ancient life has ebbd away?

We give a being to the withered past,
We girdle bygone power with living dread,
We make the fiction sensible and vast—
Must the prop rot before the thing is dead?

The story of Pentheus, and the Election of 1874.

When all men were heroes, and Homer was youthful,
A monarch called Pentheus in Thebes held the rule,
And, if we may credit what Gladstone thinks truthful,
The country was thriving, the king was no fool.

As ill-luck would have it, one Bacchus, a brewer,
With some barmaids and publicans came into view,
And the monarch was shocked when some incidents, truer
Than pleasant, were told of this crapulous crew.

And then when an augur¹ declared he would rather
A man should be free, whether sober or not,
He spurned the advice of his spiritual father,
And made war against brewer, and pothouse, and sot.

Beer, Bacchus, and victuallers settled these matters,
And supplied an example as startling as plain,
For the people went mad, and tore Pentheus to tatters,
While Bacchus cried, 'Better not try it again.'

O Gladstone, you study these far-away stories,
And could you not guess what would happen to you,
When the parsons and publicans joined with the Tories,
And the voters got drunk, and the Parliament blue?

The story of Midas.

King Midas of old, who reigned over the Phrygians,
(If all that is told of his faculty's true,)
Developed that shrewdest of modern religions
Which is held by a cross of the Teuton and Jew.

¹ Bishop Magee. In the drama of Euripides, the warning voice is that of the prophet and augur Teiresias.

He dabbled in mines, and whate'er he projected
Was turned into gold in a trice, but alas!
This novice in jobbing was early detected,
And won, with the cash, the long ears of an ass.

Our Midases now are the sharpest of Smouches,
Continue his art, but are free from his fears;
For they skilfully sweep all the gold to their pouches,
And leave to the dupes whom they bubble, the ears.

L'ENVOI.

Say, do I write in earnest or in jest?

Mock what I scorn, or strike at what I hate?

Is what I say too early, or too late?

When I essayed this combat, was it best

To change my ample opulence of rest

For that sharp strife which knows nor bound nor bate,

Which will not cease, or sleep, or spare, or wait,

When the bold challenge lights upon its quest,

And stirs the malice which it cannot sate?

I know not. This alone I feel and know;—

That he who sees a truth, and heeds it not,

But dreams his day out in a coward sloth,

And neither succours friend, nor fights with foe,

In God and man has neither part nor lot,

But duly wins the righteous wrath of both.

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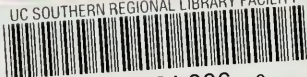
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